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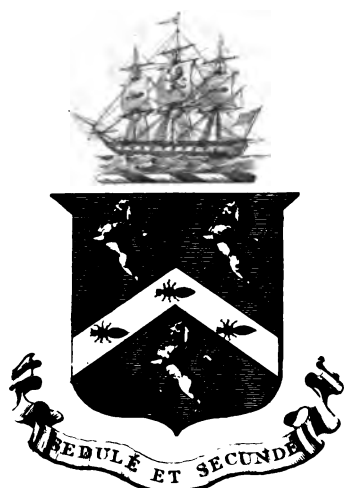
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t/s



Edmund Leopold Lockyer.

Robb
p. 217

THE
SONG OF THE BELL.

THE
SONG OF THE BELL.

AND

OTHER POEMS.

(by M. Montague)

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

OF

J. F. C. SCHILLER.

LONDON :

J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

MDCCCXXXIX.



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TO
M^{RS}. E^D. MONTAGU.
(BORN WINBOLT.)
OF HADLEY MONKEN.

My dear ANNE.

If, as is most likely, you shall be surprised—and perhaps alarmed—at a Printed Address and the Dedication to you of a Book, a thing so entirely foreign to your retiring and unobtrusive—tho far from inactive or unuseful life and habits, I hope you will forgive it,—on consideration of its being the only way in which I could, as is my desire, give you a something like permanent—and in a manner public—testimony of my great regard for you, tho I hope nothing was required to assure you of that.

Moreover—an opportunity having been offered me herein of gratifying my old *penchant* by paying my respects to the Muse at the same time as to yourself, I really could not resist a temptation so powerful of “killing two birds with one stone”: and shall only hope not to have been so bad a shot as entirely to miss my aim. At all events from your usual kindness I may expect indulgence if not approval—

“ —*Pieta, non che perdono.*”

You had asked me after an English Translation of SCHILLER's *Das Lied von der Glocke*. The Song of the Bell. But, not having ever seen one myself, nor indeed knowing of any,* I thought I would attempt to answer the purpose by giving you one *de ma façon*, tho at the great risk of your lamenting that I should have been put to so hard a shift to supply the desideratum. I was the more induced—if not encouraged—to do this,

* In Bent's Catalogue Schiller's “The Song of The Bell” is noticed, as published by Treuttel, London. But without anything further: so that it is doubtful whether this be intended for the Original or a Translation. And that House now no longer existing—I have not been able to procure a copy to ascertain it.

Since having done my own, I have seen that—an anonymous one—accompanying M. Retzsch's Illustrations, some account of which will be added below.

from being aware how, generally speaking, little correct are our English Metrical Translations; from—if no other cause—the sacrifice of closeness to what is imagined to be more poetical beauty, a “treason”* to the Original, the mistakenness as well as criminality of which, as (from the much greater importance of your usual reading) you would take little interest in, I will not here dilate upon, the more as I think you already know my ideas on the subject, which I have given at large elsewhere where more in place.

I will only remark, in addition, that—The less an Original is departed from in any manner—whether form or otherwise, the less danger is there of a deviation from its more essential points. In this, as in most other things, “breaking the ice” is what leads to falling into the water.—

“*C'est le premier pas qui coute.*”

The right way, however perhaps difficult at first, is in the end the easiest as the safest; and, at all events, as the most proper—is that which should be pursued. You know that I am no admirer of “improving upon one’s Author,” even supposing there is room for this—and that the Translator is competent to it; conceiving

* “Traduttore—Tradittore.” Italian Adage.

any alteration—whether for the better or worse—only a disfigurement of him, and that the “improver” should rather try his hand at beauties of his own in Original Composition than superadd them to what it is his business merely to copy.

As I am not sure whether you are as well acquainted with german as the other Continental languages, in case you should not be so familiar with it as to be enabled to compare my Version with the Original, I feel warranted in assuring you, that, whatever may be its faults in other respects, it has at least the merit of fidelity; as, considering that to be the first and most essential quality of Translation, it is what I have chiefly aimed at, herein (and, as you will think, wisely) confining myself to what I was better able to accomplish than a higher but more dangerous flight.

Besides faithfulness to the sense—I have also endeavoured to imitate as closely as possible, or rather—as nearly as could well be done conformably to our english metres, the *form* of the Original—in the arrangement and structure of its verse.

This I would have done more closely still, making an absolute *fac-simile* throughout; but that, from the numerous short verses—and still more their entire irregu-

larity,* besides some being *blank*—without a corresponding rhyme, which I imagine, as quite uncommon with us, would not be pleasing to an english ear,—I thought it better, tho only occasionally, somewhat to modify this, by blending two short lines into one or contracting those unusually long; thus presenting a somewhat more methodical arrangement than in the german,

* Whether this commixture of lines of different metre in the same Paragraph or Stanza be pleasing to a german ear or not, is more than I know; but, as the educated musical sense must every where be the same, I am very much inclined to doubt it. In our own Poetry I believe it is generally dialiked; and to myself at least it is very unpleasing; as it disappoints the ear of the expected recurrence, and makes it set itself to a different measure, which yet is continually changing. I cannot but think this a fault even in Milton's beautiful Trochaics, by the occasional admixture of Iambiæ verses: wherein (under the sanction of a great name, an authority so often falsely imagined to justify defects) he has been imitated by so many Copyists who have had but little of his great beauties to redeem this blemish, which a severe taste must always condemn. I am quite aware that sometimes the previous line may so conclude as to cover—or even warrant—this irregularity, as also that sometimes the sense may justify—if not require it: But of course this remark does not apply to exceptions: I only speak to the practice generally, which produces much the same effect as would the intermixture of different kinds of music in the same stave: Where this is separated by Clefs, as measure by Stanzas, it is different, and allowable; because then the pause gives the ear time to prepare itself for a new mood, which otherwise would take it by surprise. So here this diversity of measure in different Stanzas does not offend, because the ear has time to prepare for it by the intervening pause, which it would not if the sense were continuous.

tho without at all altering its composition : For, as I intimated before, nothing has been either added or taken away : The division of the Stanzas which exists in the Original, tho not numbered, remains the same ; and in respectively the general number of lines there is very little difference, altogether only about half a dozen. So that on the whole This Version presents just the same appearance as the german, with merely the difference here and there of a little less diversity in the length of the lines.

There was one, to whose connection with you I am indebted for the happiness of your acquaintance, with whom you so intimately and congenially communed on far higher things, who, if any assistance were wanted to you in this poor matter, would have helped your judgement with far better guidance than I can give : But, alas ! we can only say of him *He was*. As this Poem will unavoidably revive all your mournful recollections, I could not help, as neither superfluous nor misplaced, making this allusion. If, as we are not forbidden to expect—and it is consolatory to hope, however darkly it may appear what we shall be,—when the last “ Bell ” shall summon together all who once heard the sound of its material tongue, those who enjoyed sweet communion together on Earth shall renew their

intercourse among the Blest, if any remembrances of human things be permitted a place in the consciousness of purified Beings in Heaven, the thought of such innocent and not unelevating meditations as are excited by these fair creations of the Poet's Fancy will not be among the least pleasing, and as such may allowably be entertained below.

Forgive me this tear—which has sweetness with its bitter, and pass on. We may rationally—and even desirably—suppress the contemplation of unavoidable and irremediable evils for the enjoyment of what remaining good is allowed us in this mingled scene, but one that—if justly estimated—has no little joy among its woe, and where so much of both is dependent on ourselves.

SCHILLER,* as you know, is a Poet of considerable

* SCHILLER. J. F. C. was born at Marbach in Wurtemberg in 1759. He was originally intended for the Church, for which he studied some years : and afterwards for the Medical Profession; which he entered as Surgeon to a Regiment, but where he did not long continue, withdrawing himself from it to devote himself altogether to what had been his earliest bent—a literary life. He soon afterwards married; and, after filling one or two Professors' chairs in Jena, finally settled at Weimar, becoming the friend and companion of Goëthe and the other eminent men of that German Athens. He soon, however, fell into bad health, induced by intense mental exertions and a sedentary life acting on a constitutionally weak

celebrity ; chiefly, however, as a Dramatic one, tho he has written several Lyrical Pieces, of much the same kind as the present, of great force and beauty ; tho this is generally considered his master one, and is an universal favourite ; the principal of which are perhaps the *Die Ideale*. The Ideals. *Ritter Toggenburg*. Knight Toggenburg. *Der gang nach den Eisenhammer*. The errand to the Smelting House, or Fridolin. *Der Graf von Hapsburg*. The Count of Hapsburg. *Die*

frame ; and died in 1805, as to years only in middle age, but in nature completely exhausted.

In some of the Editions of our Poet, published since his death, his name appears in the title-page as *Von Schiller*. This *Von*, as you know, corresponding to the french *De*, is among the Germans a prefix denoting "Quality"—if not Nobility—for those persons whom the French call *comme il faut*—"as they should be"—as opposed to *Roturier* or *Bourgeois* ; as with us are at least Esquire and his Lady opposed to a plain—nothing but—Mr. or Mrs.. It is also sometimes seen among ourselves, tho chiefly in the North, as "Of so and so," tho generally with reference to the family estate. But the Germans, as indeed all the Northern Continental Nations, are ludicrously fond and vain of this and similar silly titles ; which among them are often considered worthier objects of ambition, and more honourable distinctions, than talents—knowledge—or even moral worth.

It does not appear when this honorary *Von* was conferred upon our Poet, for he certainly was not born with it ; but probably not till towards the close of his life, when he had already obtained for himself Letters-Patent of far higher Nobility at the court of the Muses and enrolled in an office far beyond the jurisdiction of mere Blazonry Heralds.

Theilung der Erde.* The Distribution of the Earth. *Würde der Frauen*. Woman's Worth: and *Die Unüberwindliche Flotte*.† The Invincible Fleet: this latter, a very spirited little Piece, on the destruction of the famous Spanish Armada, deserves particular mention as a very high compliment addressed to ourselves, and certainly calling for the acknowledgements of every true Englishman: all which, except perhaps the last, are well known, and (I think) have been translated. *Die Künstler*. "The Artists." and *Der Spaziergang*. "The Walk." may also be noticed, as containing some very fine passages.‡ But he has not written any Poem of length.

SCHILLER is principally known (or perhaps rather

* This charming little Piece "The Distribution of the Earth." will ever make the name of Schiller dear to Poets, and indeed all who can find in the abstractions of mind a compensation for the absence of the commoner goods of life. This Piece alone may stand for his *Eureka*.

† Some of these have been translated, and very ably, by Lord F. Leveson Gower. 8vo. London. 1824. And now, at the moment of sending these pages to the press, I learn that H. L. has also done The Song of The Bell. But I must not have said all this for nothing: and so—*jacta est alea*!

‡ In the process of the *vires acquirit eundo* I have also made Versions of all these, except the last two, and subjoin them here at the end by way of Appendix. Those omitted, especially "The Walk," being rather "long" and possibly "tiresome," I will not impose them upon you—at least for the present.

was, as german literature generally is more discriminately taken notice of among us now than in his time) in this country as the Author of *The Robbers*; a Drama of the most dangerous tendency; as powerfully interesting, while inculcating—the rather by implication than positively—the most immoral principles. For the Author, much less criminal here than many of his imitators, certainly did not intend the perversion that cannot but be made of his intentions nor the mischief that must result from them. By a strange—tho not altogether uncommon self-delusion, he meant to reprobate certain social injustices and immoralities by the exhibition of a generous but “turned” or “curdled” mind, taking the law into his own hands and with his own interpretation of it for the redress of his especial as of general wrongs; while thus giving the example of an administration of it that must lead to universal disorder anarchy and confusion—to crime retaliating upon crime—and one general unmitigable misery. *The Robbers* has been the prototype of several minor libels, or literary poisons, where romantic vice and picturesque crime have been exhibited as objects of sympathy—if not regard, when, if common sense had prevailed, the Hero held up to our admiration and imitation would have made his *denouement* on the gallows.

It is pleasing to know that SCHILLER, tho throughout his life he remained not wholly free from those vague—ideal—and unpractical views of life and society to which his Countrymen are said to be prone, that he deeply regretted the haste with which he had thrown out this Work (for it was one of his very earliest Pieces) and the dangerous consequences that notoriously followed from it, and that this was to him

“ One line—which, dying, he would wish to blot.”
a not unuseful warning to young Writers.

SCHILLER is also of great eminence as an Historian. His “ History of The Thirty Years’ War.” 1618 to 1648. one of the most remarkable periods in modern times, as a contest of a length unparalleled and for religious differences—the establishment of Protestantism in Germany, being one of the best modern Histories extant, so that it has become a classical and standard Work. His Dramas, also, tho perhaps more suited for the closet than actual representation, and—where historical—greatly departing from the severity of facts, are generally admired; and at all events they have the no small merit of being, with the great exception already noticed, entirely unobjectionable in morality; a praise that, considering the real practical effect of this sort of writing, it is to be regretted few of his Brother Authors

can share with him. The principal of these are *Wallenstein*, *Don Carlos*, and *Marie Stuart*: But you will find an enumeration of them all in any professed Account of his Life and Writings, which I here merely glance at. It is only necessary to add, respecting his Works in general, that is—of the longer ones whether of Prose-Writings or Plays, that they are somewhat deficient in that completeness and finish—whether of the single and clearly defined point of moral or the condensation and summing up of the narrative, which is so essential to the entire pleasure of the Reader as well as to the usefulness of the composition.

His Lyrical Pieces in general, as much more short, are free from this defect, and give entire satisfaction, as is instanced in The Song of the Bell—if you could read it in german.

THE SONG OF THE BELL* is an application of the process of casting a Bell† to the course of human

* Will no Nautical Bard sing us *The Song of the Anchor*? A fruitful and stirring theme indeed, and which our Country ought not to want.

† To the obliging civility of Mr. Mears (of No. 267 White Chapel Road) the Founder of—*inter minora Sidera*—the new “Great Tom of Lincoln,” which he has made greater,—I am indebted for the opportunity of seeing the very interesting process of casting a Bell. So that I am at home at least in the practical part of the operation.

life, comparing the different conditions necessary to the proper fusion of the metal and the successful issue of the work to its principal circumstances, with a

* * I have already alluded to—A set of German Illustrations for The Song of The Bell,‡ with an English Translation of both their Letter-Press and the Poem, that are now “vendible” in this Country; which, as they may have attracted some notice—and perhaps your own, may here call for some account of them.

They consist of Forty three Plates (Outline Engravings) accompanied with the text of the Piece, and a *raisonné* or Descriptive Explanation; illustrating, with the exception of two or three that are allegorical, so many different points of the Poem.

The Artist, however, has not at all confined himself to “illustrating” merely what the Poet actually relates or describes,—but he has volunteered to be his interpreter on the largest scale, using his words only as a text for himself to discourse upon, and explaining them altogether after his own fashion—which is by no means always that of his Author; and considerably dispensing the Reader from any painful exercise of his own faculties in the matter, by working out for him in all their assumed details the stuff of his sense.

In short Mr. Retzsch (not Wretch) his “Illustrations” are much more a new Song of The Bell in Drawing and Prose—a composition of his own—than the Poem of Schiller. Under this dilatation and dilution the condensed strength of the Poet is utterly enfeebled and dissipated. This is filing away all the substance of a blade to give it a polish not required; or, if the homeliness of the simile be allowed me from its readiness, it is spoiling a good Cup of Tea by making a Pot full of it. Away with such

‡ By Moritz Retzsch. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1834. Oblong Quarto. Who has done some in the same style for two or three other of Schiller's Poems, as also for some of Goëthe's and of Shakespeare's.

practical applying of them thereto; taking occasion to refer the various parts of the process to its several phases, and deducing a suitable moral from each.

Gilders of gold and Painters of violets, however, "classical" Artists they may be! The poor Poet is here really "encumbered with help," and near to breaking down under it. Ordinary Commentators have often been accused of obstructing the respiration of their Author: But at least they do so single-handed and with one means—*ink* alone. But here is a "combination"—an absolute conspiracy of pen and pencil to altogether smother and stifle their unfortunate victim: and, if he escapes with life, it is only from that principle of vitality, which, like the buoyant cork under water—only yielding to the temporary pressure—uprising directly this is removed, rises superior to the feeble attacks of outward morbidity, or, as the Sun retains its brightness, however transiently shrouded or obscured by a passing cloud. Schiller, therefor, still lives; and will probably continue to do so for no short time to come, without—or rather in spite of—the help of commenting "Illustrators."

So much for Mr. Retzsch's Letter-Press, and the method of his "Illustrations" thereto corresponding. As for the graphic part of the Designs, so far as considerable elegance of composition in the symbolical ones and general correctness of drawing, they are very well. But, besides smaller blots, they are disfigured by the silly affectation, a feeling so prevalent of late years in Germany, of representing a present state of things by what were their tokens three hundred years ago. The Song of The Bell is in every respect a Poem of our own age. Tho perhaps confining itself to generalities that might also find an application to those past times, it does not in the remotest manner allude to them; but on the contrary those distinctly refer to events of the Poets' own day—the great convulsion that had just overturned France and made the rest of Europe reverberate with the shock. And yet the Artist has here represented its characters in the dress of Maximilian and his Serfs! in the Albert Durer costume—tho even less chaste, only dashed with just so much of the modern *Burschen* as not to let them be taken for downright

This is done by divisions of Stanzas, tho not numbered ; where the Poet, in the person of the Master-Founder, alternately directs the operations of fusing and mould-

aboriginal Teutonians. This is a pure anachronism ; but much more offensive from its evident affectation and absurdity than its anomalousness. Neither is it the only one, for in some of his details he has forgotten his assumed epoch, and mixed the 15th and 18th centuries up together. In plain english—it is purely ridiculous.

The Allegorical Designs are as enigmatical as such things usually are : but as, like the others, they have explaining labels, it must be our own fault if we do not understand them.

Exception might also be taken at the style of some of the figures, as not at all in the best taste, nor free from criminality, tho not “prosecutable to conviction :” but generally they are at least free from that over-tension and exaggeration of attitude that is so common a fault in figure-drawing.

And these defects, as I must consider them, are really much to be regretted : for the Artist has both great power and taste, and, could he confine himself to the simple spirit and letter of the Poet’s text, is competent to illustrate it very effectively. But we must consider the thing as it is.

Mr. Retzsch has no doubt pleased himself, and he may have intended to gratify the Readers of Schiller by these things. But it may be very much doubted if they have generally had that effect : and it is pretty certain that they will give but little pleasure to persons of severe taste ; and especially in this Country, where, notwithstanding the—as Foreigners are pleased to assume—“low state of the arts” and our indifference to *aesthetical* science, we know how to distinguish tinsel from gold, and do not take a hawk for a handsaw with every wind alike.

I fancy, therefore, that, whatever popularity these Illustrations to our Poem may enjoy in their own Country, they are—as not deserving it—little likely to become favourites in this.

ing the metal, and moralizes upon the process. The exemplar of Society he has taken is perhaps rather a confined species of it—that of the middle ranks of an agricultural Population: but, of course, it would be impossible to select any one condition of it whose features should be applicable to all the others; and therefor, as thus limited, this generalization—or abstraction—does not admit of improvement. Tho with considerable elevation of sentiment, and without any thing absolutely plaintive, a melancholy tinge seems to pervade the whole; and there reigns throughout it a very high tone of both religious and moral feeling, for which you will not like it the less.

The Translation is, on the whole, a very respectable one: for it gives pretty faithfully the general sense of the Author, and in much the same form, in a tolerably good versification. But it does not always render that sense closely; and occasionally, at least in my apprehension of it, mistakes it. Moreover the Translator has thought it necessary, in his imitation of the Original, tho not always following him where regular, to copy his irregularity of measure (reasons against which have already been given) and that has a still worse effect here than in the german, from the absence of a rhythm which there partly conceals it. And this fault is not made up for by that finish of versification in preciseness of expression and accuracy of rhyme which might be thought a compensation for even greater defects. But, as only playing second to the Engraver, The Versifier here perhaps cannot be thought to have done his best.

I have, therefor, not thought it sufficiently good to preclude the necessity for another, in which it should be endeavoured to do more justice to the Original.

There will also be found breathing thro it a warm but dignified aspiration after Freedom—the just and rational liberty of intellectual Beings in civilized and enlightened Society, restrained only by bounds necessary to the general welfare, and not the licentiousness of lawless anarchy; repudiating the wild dreams of an impossible equality; but still more spurning the insolent and preposterous pretensions of one or a few—whether from hereditary or accidental possession of power—arbitrarily to govern the many, and to suppose as their personal property the minds and bodies of Mankind whose rule can never derive but from themselves. Living, as SCHILLER was, in a despotically governed Country—tho not so to such an extent as some others in that part of the Continent—now perhaps rather less so,—he no doubt wrote under some restraint, in order not to be prevented from saying what little could be said with safety by venturing on too much: What he has said, therefor, must be taken to be more pregnant with meaning than appears on its face. But indeed the wonder is how Men, feeling the dignity of our nature, and smarting soul and body under the various degrading inflictions of Tyranny, do not throw aside the philosophical pen in despair, and confine themselves to the disquisitions of pure science—

the puerile amusements of bare classical literature—or the fantastic freaks of mere imagination, rather than use it with the hand thus fettered and cramped: the wonder is—how they write at all! Honour to those, who, like SCHILLER, can command their feelings; and, while delighting with the beautiful fictions of Fancy, succeed in conveying—along with the many-hued and fragrant flower—the medicinal simple, and impart—though low-voiced and elliptically—the useful lesson to Rulers and the Ruled, which, if not heard in time by the former—will one day strike upon their ears in the voice and with the bolt of thunder, and make them responsible for all the excesses to which their obdurate deafness may have driven the latter in giving it utterance!

How happy are we, in this favoured Country, “*sua si bona nôrint*,” if we did but truly know our blessings—if we shall allow ourselves to retain them,—who know of the various oppressions of arbitrary power—and of the dreadful calamities of war which these generally entail, only the name; and where, with an unlimited freedom for all that is reasonable and just, we are alike secured from the usurpations of authority*

* A learned, and not less pious, as—unfortunately here—most eloquent Divine, of Oxford, has lately thought it necessary to revive and advocate

on the one hand, or the still more mischievous and intolerable encroachments of popular domination on the other. *Esto perpetua!*

Excuse me this digression—which you have full leave

the monstrous and long exploded doctrine of “Passive obedience and non-resistance” to “the Powers that be”; which of course cannot but carry along with it, as its corollary, the “Divine Right” of Government. Nothing but the persuasion of the sincerity of such views could save their promulger from the detestation and contempt of every Englishman at all deserving of the name. And no Man of common sense but must at once see thro the fallaciousness—not to say sophistry—of the arguments by which that proposition, *in its unqualified form* as there advanced, is attempted to be maintained: while the making it an integral and inseparable part of Divine Truth—where at most it is but adjunctive, and of inferring from the denial of it a refusal of assent to the great dogmas with which in its general acceptation it is connected, calls for the severest reprehension, as most untrue—and unjust, and injurious to the sacred cause it would pretend to support.

I am sorry to be obliged to add that—what criticisms I have seen upon this, tho very decidedly condemning it, have no little shifting—or rather blowing hot and cold—of their own upon the principle, which should be at once and altogether scouted as false—base—servile—and destructive of every manly and enlightened feeling to which we owe our civil political and religious liberty and all the long list of blessings that flow alone therefrom.

Tho, from your truly Christian temper, you may not see this exactly in the same light as I do,—yet, as there are heterodoxies—not to say heresies—of a much graver order in the doctrines of that notorious Person, which, in common with all sound and single-minded Protestants, you cannot but have noticed and deplored, I thought I might be justified in making this little protest against his political apostacy.

to call a *tirade*, the more as I am now drawing near to a close.

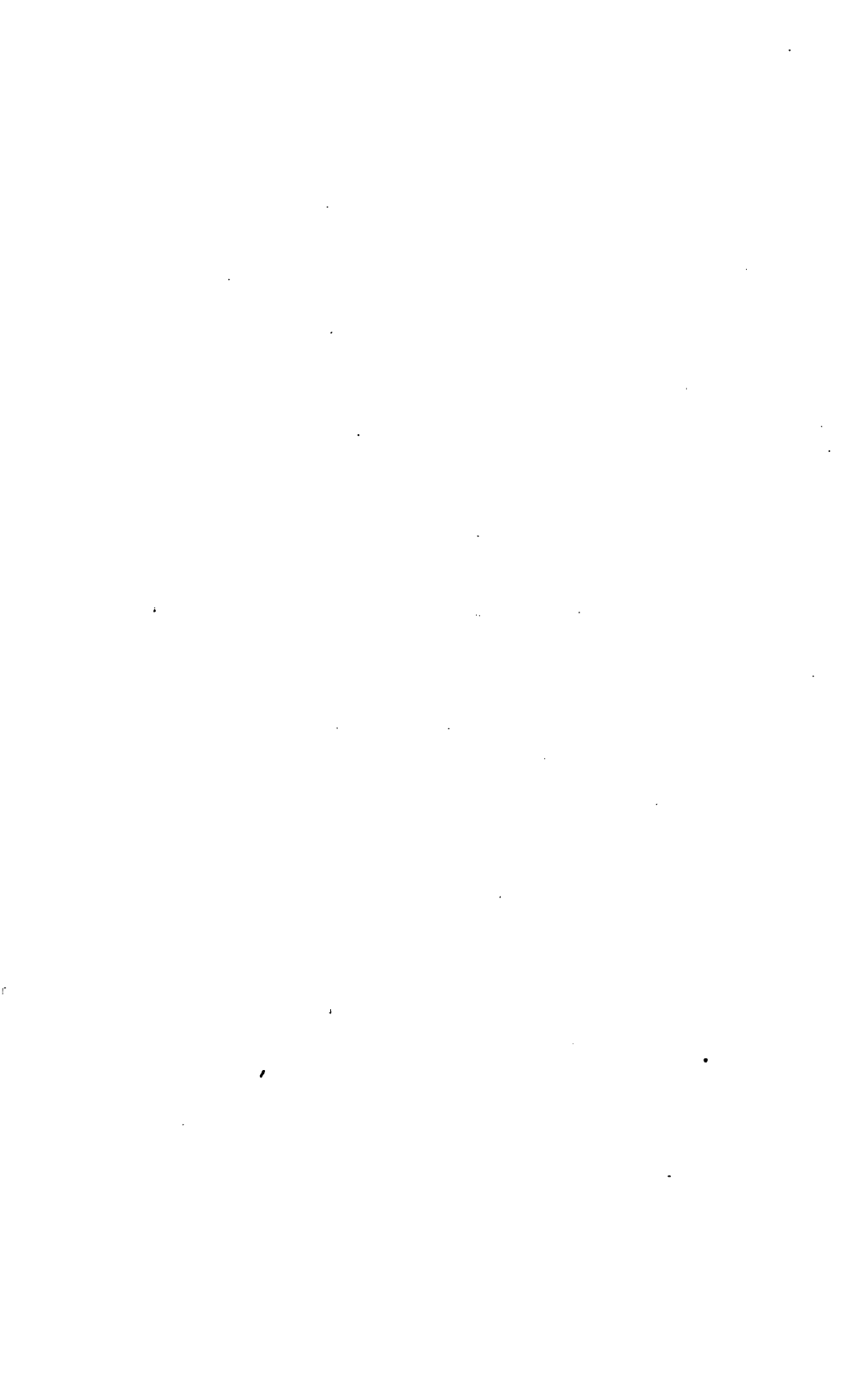
But, altho of rather a didactic than imaginative character, **THE SONG OF THE BELL** is not at all deficient in poetical fancy; and the whole leaves an impression of very great while chastened pleasure. But all this, as already said, refers to the Original, which I am conscious of having but very inadequately rendered in this Version. Yet, if it shall only have the effect of giving you a satisfactory idea of the Poem, and of otherwise being agreeable to you, it will fully have answered its object—which was that of giving me an opportunity of assuring you how much I am,

My dear ANNE.

Very affectionately yours.

M. M.

THE
SONG OF THE BELL.



INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

WITH varied tones, as suits his Tale to tell—
As shifts its theme, light—serious—grave—or gay ;
But still where meaning freights the moral lay,
In or its fainter note or fuller swell ;
With merry peal—sad toll—or solemn knell,
As pleasure—pain—grief—joy—alternate sway,
Accompanying Earth's wanderer on his way,
The Poet here awakes his tuneful BELL.
List we the sound : 'Tis healthful to attend.
For, more than pleasing with melodious chime,
Its strains—with sweetness—high instruction blend.
It guides, thro Life's brief stray, to wisdom here ;
And leads, from this, beyond short-bounded Time,
To seek its voice in The Celestial Sphere !

TR.



THE
SONG OF THE BELL.

VIVOS VOCO. MORTUOS PLANGO. FULGURA FRANGO.¹

FAST within the immuring Earth
Lies the Clay-burnt Form inert.²
Must to-day THE BELL have birth.
Comrades ! be at hand alert.
Dripping from the brow
Warm the sweat must flow,
Would the Master praise be given :
But the blessing comes from Heaven.

¹ For Notes See the End.

* * It must be borne in mind that the Scene is here laid in Germany, and while a fierce war was raging not far distant from the spot : this having been written in 1799, during the French invasion of that Country. This will explain the general aspiration for Peace that is breathed throughout it, as also some passages that have rather a local reference.

For work we in seriousness prepare—
A serious word well suits, as fit.
If good discourse accompany it,
The work speeds lightly on. With care
Let's now attend, then, to beware,
The effects deficient means produce.
That Man we scorn, as void of worth,
Who ne'er—as to its end or use—
Gives thought to what he would bring forth.
'Tis this adorns ; for this, from Heaven,
To Man was understanding given ;—
That he in his heart's depths, where plann'd,
Should feel what forming with his hand.

Take the red Pine's wood : but see—
It well dry and season'd be ;
That the flames' condensing heat
Inwards to the centre beat.

Let the Copper seeth :

Quick—put Tin therewith :
That the well-fused Bell-broth so
In a just commixture flow.

What in the subterraneous forge
With aiding fire we fashion fair—

High in the Steeple's lofty gorge
Shall loud and sweet us witness bear ;
Till latest time shall last its strain,
And many an ear shall softly smite,
Shall—sad—with the bereaved complain,
And with the pious choir unite.
The various chances, Providence
Brings to Earth's Sons, shall here unfold ;
Shall by the brazen tongue be told,
And spread afar the intelligence.

Now I see white bubbles rise :
Good : the metals fuse for flow.
Hastening, well to equalise,
In the powder'd wood-coal throw.
Dross and refuse free
Let the mixture be ;
That, from metal th'roly pured,
Clear and full the voice be heard.

Embosom'd when in tranquil sleep
The Child doth on life's path begin,
The joyful *Bell*—quick—full—and deep—
Welcomes the little stranger in :

Life's various lots, dark-hued or bright,
For him yet in Time's womb remain.
Maternal love's soft cares, as born,
Still watching o'er his golden morn ;
Years o'er him pass with arrow flight.
Now prideful from the feminine train
He breaks ; and, eager for the strife,
Impetuous rushes into life.
On pilgrim-staff the World he roams.
Returning now, there stranger grown,
To the paternal roof he comes :
With blushing cheek and looks cast down,
In youth's pride blooming—brightly fair,
Like form ideal, divine of air—
Of Heavenly mould, to fancy's ken,
Before him now the Maiden stands :
In the Youth's heart, unfelt till then,
An undefined desire expands—
Takes root : he wanders lone, shuns Men ;
Unbidden tears o'erflow his eyes ;
His brethren's boistrous ranks he flies ;
Blushing—her every path he takes,
Her slightest note him happy makes :

For wreaths to adorn his love, the bower's—
He culls the meed's all fairest flowers.
Oh fondest hope ! Oh soft desire !
Oh golden morn of Love's first fire !
The eye a fancied Heaven beholds,
And dreamy bliss the Heart enfolds !
Oh could young Love's sweet Spring ne'er wane—
Thus ever fresh and green remain !

Brown the pipes already grow.
In I dip this splinter : See—
When it glazed appears to show,
For the cast 'twill ready be.
Brisk, now, Comrades ! move :
The commixture prove ;—
With good omen, to good end,
If with soft the brittle blend.

For, when—with mildness—strength combines,
And hard with soft commingling joins,
Thence a good sound will come. And this
He proves, who finds an answering faith—
A heart that answering beats to his,
When join'd in life-long fate therewith.

Else short the illusion—long the ill !
Light in the Bride's locks it arrays
The Virgin garland fondly plays ;
When to the feast with merry peal,
The Church Bell calls, their bliss to seal.
Alas ! Life's fairest holiday
Concludes alike its beauteous May !—
And, with the zone and veil involved,
The bright illusion is dissolved.
Soon passion dies,
Yet love must wear.
The flower low lies,
Yet fruit must bear.
To busy life,
To struggle and strife,
Forth to and fro
The Man must go,
Must toil and sweat,
Must earn and get,
Must overreach
And outwit each,
Must hazard—wager—bet—and stake,
Delusive Fortune to overtake.
Thence endless gifts are his : He tills,
His barns he with rich harvests fills.

His space enlarges : th' House expands :
And there his Children's Mother rules ;
The House-Wife chaste,
In diligent haste,
With wisdom reigns,
All there ordains,
And her domestic realm controuls :
The Girls she teaches—Boys restrains,
And ever plies the industrious hands ;
With order'd care the gains makes more,
And fills with wealth the fragrant store :
Ou whirring spindle twists the thread,
And in the polish'd press she packs
The shining fleece and snowy flax ;
And adds, to the usefuller for stead,
The gloss and sheen o'er all dispread ;
Toils on with unrelax'd endeavour,
And rests her never.

And, from the far-seeing Gable³ high,
The Father, with delighted eye,
His flowing prosperousness counts o'er.
He sees his numerous premises ;
Sees, bending 'neath the precious load,
The granary's spacious width full-stowed,

The barns fill'd to their lofty door ;
And waving corn's wide billows sees.
And proudly himself on his rich worth
He gratulates, reverse beyond :
Firm as the rooted base of Earth,
Against misfortune's stroke secure,
The House's splendour stands, e'er sure.
But—with Fate's power a lasting bond
May not be made : And swift anon
Unfear'd calamity comes on.

Now the casting may begin.
Close the cogged mould's join'd nigh.
Yet, ere run the metal in,
Put the pious prayer on high.
Heaven protect the House !
Set the stopple loose.
Smoking where the gutter bows
Fierce in fiery waves it flows.

Beneficent is Fire's kind power,
When Man subdues it—watching o'er :
And this celestial force Heaven-bred
He thanks for all he forms and makes.

But fearful is this power and dread,
Nature's free daughter—æther-fed,
When—bursting from her bonds—she takes
Her own resistless course along.
Oh woe! if loose thencefrom she breaks :
Still growing with strength uncheck'd more strong,
While thro the affrighted Street afar
High whirling her consuming brands,
As 'gainst each work of human hands
All the elements seem waging war.
The Clouds 'tis whence
Abundance teems :
The Rain thence streams ;
And from the Clouds unbidden thence
The Lightning gleams !—
But—hear'st the clamour from the Steeple's height ?
The Alarm-Bell⁴ 'tis ! And seest that light ?
With vivid red
The Sky's dispread :
Yet not day's healthful red it seems.
What tumult loud
Is 'mong the crowd ?
Lo—smoke ascends thick-wreathed.
In columns' guise
Flames crackling rise.

Adown the length of Street, with clash,
The swift devouring element strong—
With tempest fierceness—sweeps along.
As from a raging furnace breathed—
Hot glows the air. Beams downwards dash.
Posts split. The shiver'd windows crash.
In piteous tone
The Cattle moan.
Scared Children shriek. In frightened doubt—
Distracted Mothers roam about.
While, 'midst the smoking ruins by,
For safety all commingled fly.
A noon-day light
Illumes the Night.
Thro the long chain of hands quick pass'd—
The buckets 'tween the engines ply ;
While in an arched stream high o'er,
As from a fount, the waters pour.
Now howling comes the furious blast,
The flame to join : Midst the dried store
It strikes ; the spacious barn assaults,
And granary wide ; at nothing halts :
And as if, in its furious force,
Earth's face away 'twould with it tear,
On driving with resistless course,

Gigantic grown, in th' angry air
To Heaven's height rises—spent but there.

Despairing—crush'd, while anguish dumbs,
To God's strong power Man fain succumbs.
He sees, in listless maze, round spread—
His works o'erthrown in ruins laid !

Destroyed—low crumbled down—
Burn'd empty is the Town,
Now but the wintry storms' rough bed.
Now in the vacant casement's space
Pale Terror dwells; and from on high
Heaven's clouds alone, as sailing by,
Look in on its blank place.

The Wretch on his possessions' grave
One last sad look now throws ;
Then cheerfully, his lot to brave,
On pilgrim-staff forth goes.
'Spite all whereof fire's fury has him reft,
This sweeter consolation's left—
He counts his dear-ones' heads : and, bliss !—
Not one dear head deficient is.

Is it in the ground well bedded ?
Is the mould well set and steadied ?
Skill and diligence to pay,
Will it issue fair to day ?
Should the cast not hit—
Should the copeing split !
Ah—perhaps, while hope elates us,
Now—e'en now—mishap awaits us !

In Earth's dark bosom—nurse benign !—
We our hands' work confide. Therein
The sower confides his teeming seed ;
And hopes that, for his food's supply,
'Twill—with Heaven's favour—fructify.
Yet seed more precious far, for doom,
We trustful in Earth's bosom cast ;
And hope that, from the glebe, at last
In full maturity 'twill bloom.

Hark—from the steeple, slow and sad,
Deep tolls The Bell
The funeral knell.
Its mournful tones, dark clad,

A Pilgrim—wending his long way—
On his last journey accompany !

Alas ! 'tis the beloved Wife—
The partner of his joys and cares !
That from her Husband's arms—from life—
The ruthless Terrors' King 'way tears,—
Tears from her Children's blooming band,
She to him bore, that—fondly scann'd—
She, with maternal joy's soft glow,
Saw on her faithful breast upgrow.
The House's tender ties, alas !
Are snapp'd for aye—dissolved their spells :
For She, who th' House's Mother was,
Now in the land of shadows dwells !
Her gentle rule now's wanting there :
No more is felt her watchful care :
The unloving Stranger, now its head,
Will govern th' Orphans in her stead !

Till *The Bell* shall cool—deferr'd,
Stay the busy labours too.
'Mong the leaves as plays the Bird,
Let—as lists him—each one do.

When twink Stars, with glee,
From all duty free,
Workman hears the Vespers chime.
Master on must toil the time.

Where standing in the forest's depths,
T'wards his loved home—his humble hall—
The Woodman hastening bends his steps.
The Sheep the fold now bleating seek ;
And the broad-fronted Cattle sleek
On lowing fill the accustom'd stall.
Now heavily comes in corn-fraught
The tott'ring wain. Gay on the sheaf
The garland⁵ lies. The day-task wrought,
From labour now all seek relief ;
And to the merry dance, from 'mong
The Reaper band, light hie the young.
Now stiller grow the mart and street :
And, by the social taper's light,
Convivial sitting, th' House friends meet.
The Town-Gate grating shuts⁶ for night.
Now her dun mantle Earth endues ;
And dark and silent all appears :
Yet nought—secure—the Citizen fears :⁷

For—Law's still wakeful eye all views,
And the ill-designing one pursues.

Oh—sacred ORDER ! Daughter of Heaven !
In blessings rich : thro whom we're given
True freedom—equal rights well traced :
The City's edifice who based ;
Who, from the forest wilds, enthrall'd,
Therein the unsocial Savage call'd ;
And, entering Man's abode, reduced
And tamed, to gentle manners used,
And taught that highest love—his kind's—
The tie that to His Country binds !

A thousand busy hands alert,
Each other aiding—frankly allied,
Now work ; and, for brisk action girt,
Is all our strength call'd forth and plied.
Neath Freedom's blessed panoply
Master and Man themselves exert.
Now each one in security
Enjoys his lot—whate'er its place,
Nor fears the invader bent on spoil.
Labour's the Townsman's pride and grace.
A blessing still attends on toil :

Honour the Sovereign's state attends :
Honour industrious toil commends.

Loved Peace ! abide.
Sweet Union ! 'bide.
Here stay—Oh stay !
Propitious o'er this Town remain.
May ne'er be seen that mournful day,
When War's fierce hordes—her ruthless train—
This tranquil Vale shall desolate !
When its pure sky, that eve's soft red
So lovely paints—dispread
With gold, gleams lurid with
The ascending flames allumed beneath,
That Town and Village conflagrate !

Now the scaffolding pull down :
It its end has answer'd well.
That the heart and eye may on
The edifice completed dwell.
Swing the hammer—swing !
Till the coat off spring.
If *The Bell* to light would wake,
Piece-meal off the mould must break.

At fitting time, with careful hand,
The Master, with design well plann'd,
May break the mould. But woe for peace,—
If in fire torrents, 'yond command,
The glowing mass itself release !
With fury of exploding thunder
It rends the bursted cope asunder ;
And, as from Hell's wide gaping throat,
The fierce destruction vomits out.
No good can follow on its course
Where blindly rages brutal force.
When set themselves the People free—
The Common Weal must stifled be.

Woe ! woe ! if in its womb's recess,—
If in the City's secretness,—
The smouldring flame to height attains !
The People, bursting from their chains,
Seek terribly their own redress.
The outcry on the Bell-rope heaves ;
Till pealing with terrific tone,
And, form'd for peaceful sounds alone,
The watchword but for violence gives.

Hark—" *Liberty ! Equality !*"⁸

The peaceful Citizen flies to arms.
Streets—porches—with the throng all swarms.
The assassin bands collect to slay.
To hyænas women turn—yea worse,
With horrid jests blaspheming curse,
With savage tooth athirst for blood
Their victims' hearts yet quivering tear.
The social tie is rent : all good—
Fear—shame's cast off—restraint whate'er.
Virtue to wickedness gives place,
And Vice free wallows—bare of face !
The Lion's dangerous to wake.
And fierce and fell's the Tiger's tooth.
But terriblest of all—sans ruth,—
Is Man in frantic wrath's outbreak.
Woe—woe to whom, as whom receive,
To the blind-born Heaven's light would give !
It nought lights him : but, firing both,
Consuming in a common blaze,
Towns—Nations—all in ashes lays.

Heaven hath given me joy! 'Tis well:
See how, golden Star like bright,
Fair and polish'd, from the shell,
Comes the metal kern sheen dight.

 Ear to rim bright glancing,
 Like the Sun beam dancing;
And the Scutcheon, every part,
Lauds the skilful Master's art.

Now in! Come in!

Our rites begin.

In Comrades! all: the ranks close shut
That, raising, in her seat to put,
Her christening—we *The Bell* proclaim.
She's call'd—CONCORDIA be her name!⁹
To th' heartfelt union—cordial—warm—
Let all unanimous conform.

And this henceforth her mission here,
Whereto the Master wrought.—On high,
Above the nether World, where nigh
The hovering thunders, high in air,

And bordering on the Starry sphere,
She in æther pure, to wake her knell,
'Neath Heaven's blue canopy shall dwell.
And thenceforth She
A voice shall be,
Like that the beaming Planets raise,
In leading the revolving year,
Loud hymning their Creator's praise.¹⁰
To eternal—highest things alone—
Her brazen tongue be dedicate :
And hourly, with swift index shown,
Time's flight she'll note ; and, watching Fate—
Record fix'd Destiny's decrees.
Unconscious of whate'er beneath,
Herself unsympathising with,
Life's each vicissitude, as sees,
She with her peal accompanies.
And, as the sound—that with such power
Awoke the ear—quick passes o'er,—
She teaches nought endures below,
That all terrestrial passes so !

With the cords' power now up-prise :
From her bed THE BELL exalt :
That in air, 'neath Heaven's high vault,
In sound's kingdom she may rise.
Pull—pull ! heave—heave—sway :
Moves—she mounts ! Hurrah !
Be joy shed on this Town—all 'mong,
And *Peace*¹¹ the first sounds to us rung !



N O T E S.

P. 13. N. 1. *Vivos voco : Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.*

"I call the living, weep the dead, and break the lightning."

This motto is put here generally as an Inscription for a Bell ; as is, or at all events was, usual in former times, commonly in much the same words as the above. In Weever's work on Funereal monuments. Cap. 15. P. 122. are given several instances of such. The first two sentences of the above one are obvious enough. As to the third—it seems that it was usual in early times to ring the Church Bell in thunder storms ; under the idea that the sound, by causing a percussion of the air, dissipated or "broke" the electric fluid, so as to present its explosion in lightning ; as also to call the People to Church, to divert by prayer the threatened mischief of the storm.

P. 31. N. 2. Some explanation of the technical terms here used may be desirable.

The process of casting a Bell is very simple. A Furnace is erected on the level of the floor, wherein to melt the metal—Copper or Brass, with a proportion—about a fifth—of Tin, and a small admixture of powdered charcoal to promote the fusion. Silver also was formerly thought to be necessary for the purpose, and was duly asked for—and in no small quan-

ties—by pious collectors : but some how it used to find its way to other places than the Furnace, till at last it was discovered not to be indispensable to the amalgam. A hole or pit is dug by the Furnace, of a depth corresponding to the size of the Bell intended to be cast, only sufficiently deep for its uppermost part to be below the level of the Furnace floor. In that is placed the Mould. This consists of a centre called the *Core*, which is convexly of just the interior shape intended for the Bell ; with an outer covering for this called the *Cope*, in its concavity of that—of course very nearly the same—intended for its outside. The Metal is run between these two forms ; as between two boxes of a nest : and when it has cooled, for which it takes one or more days according to the size, the Cope or outer covering—made of prepared clay—is broken off ; and the Cast, born as it were from the Earth, is hoisted up from the Core, and appears a *Bell*.

As to its parts—The top, where it is fixed or hung to its beam, is called the *Cannon* or *Ear*, familiarly the *Head* : the first projecting curve under this the *Shoulder* : the middle or body part the *Barrel* or *Waist* : the substance of the mouth the *Sounding-bow* : and the outer edge the *Rim*. The *Clapper* is the tongue suspended within it : and the *Hammer* is that which is sometimes made to strike upon the Bell outside.

The *Gutter* is the channel made to lead the fused metal (which, by the way, gives one a very lively idea of Tartarus) from the Furnace into the Mould, that flows from a small orifice stopped up till wanted with sand. The fire is fed with wood, generally beech.

The whole is under cover of a substantial shed, here called The House. Very few workmen are required for the operation : and, from the accuracy of estimate acquired by frequent practice, it becomes one of little more than mere manipulation.

P. 37. N. 3. "Gable." This word is generally used among us in rather a vague sense. It is usually applied to that End of a House where insulated on one or both of its sides but neither to the Front nor the Back. But this confined signification of it is certainly erroneous : for it is the

form of the Roof that determines it, and not the position of the House nor the place of either its Front or Sides. The *Gable* of the House, strictly speaking, is—The area of the triangle formed by the two sloping sides of the Roof and the base line that connects them, whether this be in the Front or at the Side, that is—whether the Angle or Apex of the Roof run along the Front of the House or parallel with its Sides.

In many places in Germany, and pretty generally on the Continent, especially in small and old Towns, it is usual to have an angular Attic such as what we call (as above described) the “Gable end” of a House, in its front, with a large opening and a crane in its upper part, for the purpose of hoisting in provisions of whatever sort that are kept there for winter store. In some of our own old Towns also some instances of this may still be seen.

P. 39. N. 4. “The Alarm Bell ’tis.” The Church-Bell generally on the Continent, besides its devotional purposes, is the summons for calling together the Population on whatever sudden or extraordinary occasion. It is thus always rung in cases of fire; as was formerly the case with us, now rendered unnecessary by the improved organization of Fire Establishments; and a very powerful effect it produces, especially in small and quiet places, when awakening the Town in the dead of the night to the consciousness of the fearful visitation.

The *Tocsin* is well known in this country, at least by name—to which let us hope its knowledge among us will always be confined. Those who had the opportunity of hearing it at Paris in 1830 will not soon forget the mingled thrilling effect of that awful and sounding voice calling out a Population of hundreds of thousands to shed each other’s blood, and answered by the cannon drowning the minor responses of the murderous musketry.

It had been well for those, whose folly and infatuation—whether with or without criminality—caused that fearful Bell to ring, that they had read Schiller’s Song, and—reading—inwardly understood it.

P. 44. N. 5. "Gay on the sheaf the garland lies." It is the custom in Germany, and pretty generally on the Continent, as a sort of *Finis coronat opus*, to crown with a garland of flowers or ribbons—or both, any finished work of domestic kind—such as the Roof of a new Building, and as here some Agricultural Processes; followed in general by a feast something like our own Harvest-home.

It is very much to be regretted that these, and other observances of the olden time, in the all-absorbing "march of intellect" and the rage for political changes, are fast growing to be discontinued and even wearing out of memory. Perhaps they may be of no great usefulness in the eyes of the "Utilitarians": but, in the important end of encouraging—lightening—and rewarding the toils of those on whom labour constant and unvaried must—from the unavoidable nature of things—always be the lot, and of keeping alive the kindly feelings both among themselves and between them and their wealthier fellows for whom they work, their utility is immense; and must be anything but compensated for by the cold selfish and unsympathetic feeling that looks to immediate gain—to profit—as the first and great object in all the businesses pursuits and relations of life. But here, as in so many other things, one may be "Penny wise and pound foolish."

P. 44. N. 6. "The Town-Gate grating shuts for night." Many of the old Towns on the Continent, particularly in Germany, are walled round; as if, whatever may be their real strength, what are called *Places Fortes*; and the gates regularly shut at sunset or nightfall and only opened at sunrise: which absurd and inconvenient practice is pursued even in dead peace; as, for instance, some of our Tourists have found to be the case at Geneva and elsewhere. But this is only a part, tho commonly overlooked to be such—and attributed merely to the force of prescription, of the general system of keeping in darkness—and fettering, to accustom the subject—not to say slave—to obscurity and restraint; a system, in every thing, of the most degrading and intolerable pupilage. To Geneva, of course, this latter remark does not apply: They have there perhaps rather too much of both looseness and light.

P. 44. N. 7. "Yet nought—secure—the Citizen fears." This reminds one of the fine answer of the old Woman of some Grecian City (?) whose house, the door being left open, having been entered during the night and robbed; on her complaining of it the next day and asking redress from (?) the "Tyrant," as Rulers were then called—not in our opprobrious sense of the term, he asked her—How she came to leave her house often, thus inviting the intrusion of thieves? "I slept (she replied) with doors unclosed, without fear; supposing that you (naming him) was waking for my security." A happy retort, and perfectly just: for the Law is, night and day, the guardian of the public safety; and, where its power—however acquired—resides in a single hand, this is responsible for that protection which is the first and great end of all government.

P. 48. N. 8. "*Liberty. Equality.*" This is the well-known famous watchword of the French Republicans of 1793. That of the 1830 Revolution *Vive La Charte!* shows what an immense step had been gained towards the understanding of true freedom, as proved by the sequel, limited in its object and bloodless in its triumph; like our own of 1688, which in some other respects it so much resembled.

P. 49. N. 9. "She's call'd—CONCORDIA be her name." It seems to have been the custom formerly to give Church Bells, at least large and principal ones, a name, generally that of some Saint; as to Cannon, and some other things of that general sort—works of art, which then—as not so common—were much more ornamented and expensively got up and therefor made more of than now. It was also customary to bless them, which is still done in the Romish Church, and even anoint and exorcise them, of course by the Bishop; whence their imagined virtue to calm storms, as already said, but as well by driving out of the air the evil spirits by whom those were supposed to be produced; and even to extinguish fires, or at all events, as said above, to call up the People to do so.

P. 50. N. 10. "Loud hymning their Creator's praise." This has always been a favourite notion. Plato, in the Tenth Book of his Republic, gives a most whimsical hypothesis on "Celestial Music;" imagining the Heavens to be subdivided into eight revolving concentrical circles, on each whereof presides a Syren, diffusing her own modulated tones around, all uniting in a common harmony: Plutarch speaks of this theory in his Treatise on Music. See also the *Somnium Scipionis* Sect. 5., wherein Cicero follows Pythagoras, for a beautiful fancy on the "Music of the Spheres." There are even Philosophers of our own day who entertain the notion of a sonorous fluid pervading all space and creating such ætherial harmony.

P. 51. N. 11. "And *Peace* the first sounds to us rung." Petrarch's fine Political Ode. Canzone 29. "*Italia mia*." ends with just this pathetic aspiration.

"Io vo, gridando—*Pace! Pace! Pace!*"

But Schiller's Countrymen knew how to *conquer* Peace; which, from whatever cause, those of the Italian Bard have not yet learned to do.

END OF THE SONG OF THE BELL.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



THE IDEALS.

THEN wilt thou leave me, Faithless One !
With all thy charming fancies light,—
Joys—sorrows—all, for ever done ;
Inexorable will take flight ?
Its golden age—my life's fresh morn,
Can nothing, Truant ! hinder thee ?
In vain ! swift roll thy waves—on borne
Into Eternity's vast sea.

. The Ideals. As others before me—I have rendered by this word the *Dis Ideale* of the Original ; tho fearing it will not be thought a very just translation of it, as something vague—not sufficiently precise and clear. But it can hardly be better given by a single word, unless perhaps by “Idealities,” nor without a periphrasis. As will be seen by the Poem, it means generally—The creations of the Fancy—The imaginary views we have of things in early life. Tho perhaps this Title might have been better chosen ; as the Piece is essentially in praise of Friendship and Occupation, as sources of enjoyment less fallacious and subject to disappointment than those suggested by the young and inexperienced mind.

Now quench'd are those bright Suns, whose ray
To my infant path their lighting held.
Dissolved the IDEALS, 'neath whose sway
My intoxicated heart once swell'd.
Now fled the fond belief, pursued
My day dreams thro, in beings air-bred.
All once so beauteous—heavenly hued—
Now rude reality's prey—is fled !

As when, an answering flame to seek,
Pygmalion's arms embraced the stone ;
Till in the marble's icy cheek
The new-taught life warm glowing shone ;—
So Nature I, with youthful fire
Within my arms enamour'd press'd ;
Till, yielding to my fond desire,
She panted to my Poet-breast.

With answering passion mine to meet,
The loosen'd voice an utterance found.
To mine her heart responsive beat,
She gave me back love's kiss bliss-crown'd.
The tree—the flower—the clod supine—
For me found life, streams vocal grew ;

And things inanimate from mine
A sympathetic being drew.

A World, with mighty effort strong,
Within my narrow breast, in thought—
In word—deed—precept—painture—song,
Expanded, into action brought.
Or ere the bud itself reveal'd—
How large that World and promiseful !
How little, alas ! of fruit to yield :
That little how little worth to cull !

How soar'd, on daring wings upborne,
In his dreams' error blest, ere scath,
Yet care unburthen'd and unworn,
The Youth, in early life's bright path !
To Æther's furthest Stars—Heaven nigh—
His projects' flight cleaved th' yielding air.
Was nought so distant nor so high
Where fail'd their pinions him to bear.

How lightly there upborne ! uncheck'd—
What was to th' Happy one too hard !
How danced before life's car gay deck'd
The ærial train ! With sweet reward—

Responsive Love of changeless faith,
Truth in celestial splendour bright.
Fortune arrayed in golden wreath.
And Fame with starry crown bedight.

But ah ! ere scarce midway—disjoin'd,
The Comrades separate and part :
Each his own path pursues—at mind,
One after the other all depart.
Straight Happiness quick-footed fled.
Unquench'd—the thirst for knowledge pass'd.
And Doubt's dark gloom, around disspread,
Its shroud o'er Truth's fair sunshine cast.

Fame's holy wreath unlabour'd for
I saw by unworthy brows profaned.
Alas ! too soon, its brief spring o'er,
Love's beauteous season fled—quick waned.
And still more lonely as I trode,
Deserted on its rugged way,
To cheer me on the darksome road,
Hope scarcely beam'd a pallid ray.

Now alone of all that noisy train,
Who faithful by me stay—support ?

Consoling—who at my side remain,
And to the tomb my path consort?
Tis thou—kind FRIENDSHIP! solacing,
With tender hand who heal'st each wound,
Who shar'st life's load—alleviating,
Whom early I sought and favour'd found.

And thou, who willing join'st the bond,
Who calm'st the Soul's rude storms like her,
EMPLOYMENT! tireless—labour fond,
Creating still—destroying ne'er:
Who, tho but grain by grain thou dost
Eternity's vast sands displace,
From Time's great debt, none ever lost,
Can'st minutes—hours—years—efface.



FRIDOLIN.

OR

THE ERRAND TO THE SMELTING-HOUSE.*

A pious Servant, fearing God,
Was youthful *Fridolin* ;
To *Savern's Countess'* service vowed,
As Page her household in.
So gentle—kind—was she to him !
But—were it pride's each haughtiest whim ;
He, for God's love, with joy her will
Would have been zealous to fulfil.

* This Title is generally rendered, by a verbal tho not literal Translation, " A Walk to the Iron Foundery." But which is manifestly inaccurate: for a " Walk " implies an abstract or large indefinite sense, that is not at all here meant but merely " a going to"—for " an errand." *Eisenhammer*, verbally iron-hammer, is a name given by metonymy to the Smelting-House.

From earliest dawn till day was done —
Till vespers' chime he wrought.
He to her service lived alone,
Himself regarding nought.
If spoke his Lady—"Nay, thee rest."—
His eyes tears fill'd to hear the hest.
He in his duty had thought to fail,
Should that not constant work entail.

Therefor o'er all the menial train
The Countess him advanced,
And still in eulogistic strain
His merits she enhanced.
She view'd him not in servile light,
His worth obtain'd him filial right.
Her generous eye, still prone to melt,
Well pleased on his good countenance dwelt.

For this in *Robert* th' huntsman's breast
A rancorous hatred dwell'd;
Malignant envy unrepress'd
Long his dark soul had swell'd.
In the Count's heart, who—swift of deed—
Too lightly gave the Tempter heed,

Once, on the chase's homeward road,
Suspicion's seed thus he artful sow'd.—

“ How happy, noble Count ! are you.”

He said, with cunning deep.

“ Doubt's cankerous tooth, a stranger to,

“ Ne'er robs you of sweet sleep.

“ For you a high-born Spouse possess,

“ Whom virtue guards from sin's access :

“ The Tempter ne'er, howso he assail,

“ Can aught against her truth prevail.”

Then frown'd the Count severe—‘ What, knave !

‘ What ! think'st thou, then, that I

‘ On—fickle as the uncertain wave—

‘ On Woman's truth rely ?

‘ The flatterer's tongue them lightly lures.

‘ My faith a firmer ground assures :—

‘ The Wife of Savern's Count, I hope,

‘ Is far beyond the Tempter's scope.’

Rejoins that.—“ So you deem aright :

“ Your scorn alone he claims—

“ The base-born slave, who to that height

“ Presumes to lift his aims ;

"And to his Lady, whose beauty fires,
"Dares raise his insolent desires."
'What!' while with rage his breast upheaves,
Cries the other—"Talk'st of one who lives!"

"Nay—shall I from my Lord conceal
"What fills each mouth beside?
"Yet, as you'd have me not reveal,
"I willingly shall hide."
Cries the other, thunder-tongued, aghast.—
'Speak, villain! or thou'st said thy last.
'Who dares on *Cunegonde* to look?'
"Well: of the fair-hair'd one I spook."

"He's not uncomely to behold."
Continues he with art.
While, at the word, now hot, now cold,
The Count felt throb his heart.
"Sir! can it be, then, that you ne'er
"Have seen he has eyes alone for her?
"At table, nothing minding you,
"How—by her chair—he seems nail'd to."

"See here the verses he her writ,
"Confessing, and to crave."

‘Crave! what?’ “His love’s return, to acquit.”

‘From her?—the audacious slave!’

“No doubt the Countess, thence forbid,

“Thro pity this has from you hid.

“It grieves me now t’have said so much.

“But, Sir! what need you fear from such.”

Then furious rode the Count and fleet

Into the forest near,

Where in the furnace’s fierce heat

His iron ores did sear.

There early and late, ne’er left to tire,

The serf-band fed the incessant fire.

The bellows swept, the sparks hiss’d high,

As if ’twere rocks to vitrify.

The fire’s and water’s power, force-fraught,

Conjoin’d you here might see ;

The mill-wheel, by the torrent caught,

Revolves incessantly.

The works roar night and day alike.

In time the ponderous hammers strike.

And, yielding to the heavy blows,

The stubborn metal soften’d grows.

Two workmen him he beckons to,
And thus enjoins their task.—
“The first one here I send, and who
“Shall thuswise from you ask.—
“‘Have ye the Master’s bidding done?’
“Into yon hell ye’ll throw that one.
“That straight, to ashes turn’d, he die,
“Nor e’er again come ’fore mine eye.”

With brutal joy the inhuman pair
Delight to hear the hest:
For callous as their iron were
The hearts in each dull breast.
And fiercer with the bellows’ blast
They heat the furnace womb: and fast,
With murderous thirst their feat to achieve,
Prepare death’s victim to receive.

Then Robert thus, with falseful mien,
To his fellow-servant.—“Quick:
“Quick, comrade! nor delay: go in:
“The Count would with thee speak.”
This thus to Fridolin.—‘With speed
‘Straight to the Smelting-House proceed;

‘ And ask there if they’ve, every one,
‘ According to my bidding done.’

“ Sir ! you’re obeyed.” The latter says,
And quickly him ready got.

But sudden thus reflecting stays.—

“ Commands my Mistress nought ?”

The Countess then he attends, to acquaint.—

“ I to the Smelting-House am sent.

“ What, Lady ! can I for you there ?

“ For—yours my suit and service are.”

Here gracious she, as she ever was,

In kindly tone replies.—

‘ I fain would hear the Holy Mass ;

‘ But sick my infant lies.

‘ Then go, Child ! and at Mercy’s seat

‘ For me an earnest prayer repeat.

‘ Think thou repentant on thy sin.

‘ And let me too there pardon win.’

With this sweet duty charm’d, to attend,

He flies—lest sloth-impeach’d.

Nor yet the village’s short end

In his quick course he’d reach’d,—

When, from the belfry striking clear,
The solemn peal accosts his ear,
Which, with release where sin enthralls,
To the Holy Mass inviting calls.

“Ne’er shun, if meeting on thy path,
“The blessed God.” he said.
And stepp’d into the Church therewith.
All here yet silent stayed :
For ’twas the time of harvest, and
Hot toil’d afield the Reaper band ;
Nor Chorister as yet there was
With skill to serve the Holy Mass.

He at once resolves : determines he
The Sacristan to enact.
“That (quoth he) should no hindrance be,
“Which aids a pious act.”
The *stola* about the Priest he folds
And *cingulum*, all ready holds,
Expert prepares the vessels’ train
To the Mass service that pertain.

This done, with diligence unceased,
He goes to the Altar, where—

Missal in hand—performs the Priest,
Him minist'ring to there :
And kneels to right—or left, as kenn'd—
Prompt every signal to attend ;
And, when the prayer the *Sanctus* brings,
Three times at that bless'd name he rings.

As next the Priest devout down bows ;
And then, from the altar rear'd,
While in his high-raised hand he shows
The present GOD declared,—
With clear-voiced bell, as raised it is,
The Sacristan announces this,
Devout all kneel and beat the breast,
Them crossing at CHRIST's view confess'd.

So every point he watches to,
With active care, adept :
For he, what in GOD's House they do,
In memory well had kept.
Nor tired he to the finish thus ;
Till, at *Vobiscum Dominus*,
The Priest to his congregation bends,
And, blessing, th' holy office ends.

Now in due order all again
 Into its place he puts;
The Sanctuary cleans out, and then
 Withdraws, and that upshuts.
Then, light of heart and pleased, he speeds,
And to the Smelting-House proceeds;
Meanwhile, which their full tale completes,
Twelve Paternosters more repeats.

Now when the smoking chimney he eyes,
 And eyes the Men there stand,—
“Is the Count’s bidding done?” he cries:
 “Obey’d is his command?”
With fiendish grin and gest conjoint,
While to the furnace gulph they point,
Said they—‘He’s cared for, with good blaze.
‘The Count will give his Servants praise.’

This answer straight he carries home;
 And seeks the Count, heart-light.
When from afar this sees him come,
 He scarcely trusts his sight.—
‘Whence com’st thou, hapless one?’ “With favour,
“Straight from the Smelting-House.” ‘Nay—never!

‘ Then hast thou in thy course delayed.’

“ Sir ! but so long as while I prayed.”—

“ For when (Forgive me, if faulty found)

“ I went from—by you tasked,

“ I firstly, as in duty bound,

“ My Mistress’ orders asked.

“ She bade me, Sir ! the Mass to hear.

“ I her obeyed, with willing ear :

“ And for your weal as her’s, praying for,

“ Four times I told my rosary o’er.”

Amazed and horror-struck, hereat

The Count shrunk back. Then he.—

‘ And at the Smelting-House ? speak what ? —

‘ What answer gave they thee ?’

“ Sir ! ’twas obscure : with fiendish grin,

“ And pointing to the furnace in,

“ Said they—‘ He’s cared for, with good blaze.

“ ‘ The Count will give his Servants praise.’ ”

‘ And Robert ?’ interrupts him here

The Count—cold shuddering—spent.—

‘ Him met’st thou not ? yet shortly ere

‘ I into the forest sent.’

“ Nor in the field—nor forest—e’en
“ A trace have I of Robert seen.”
‘ Then.’ cries the Count aghast.—‘ ’Tis Heaven—
‘ Here God Himself hath judgement given !’

With unused kindness now he wrings
His Servant’s hand ; commends ;
And, deeply touch’d, to his Countess brings,
Who nought here comprehends.—
‘ No Angel’s purer than this Child,
‘ Him to your favour take unsoil’d.
‘ In vain we wrong’d to the uttermost :
‘ With him was God and all His Host.”

N O T E S.

Stanzas 19 to 24.

It may possibly here be thought that the Poet, by this minute enumeration of the Ceremonies of the Mass and the forms of Prayer-saying, intended to deprecate—not to say ridicule—these Ceremonials of his Church. But, without at all stopping to enquire if those are—or not—obnoxious to any such view of them, I am persuaded he had no such intention, but that, on the contrary, he meant by it only to insist upon the propriety of their entire fulfilment.

It is quite clear, from the tone of all his writings, that Schiller was of an eminently moral and still more religious cast of mind: for he takes every opportunity of drawing a moral from his incidents and deducing lessons of that sort. As is evinced throughout those—he was a Poet infinitely more of the heart than of the head: and which is the reason that the Reader cannot help loving him personally; while we feel utterly indifferent towards others of greater or more varied poetical powers, but who—as having no claim to them—take no hold upon our affections. Schiller belonged to that favoured class, who, whatever may be their creed, are always the Faithful of their Church; who, whether mistaken or not, lean upon a never failing staff; and, both by precept and practice, always advance the cause of Religion and therefor the best interests of Mankind.

This Piece is one of those illustrated by M. Retzsch, in the same manner as The Song of the Bell ; also accompanied by an English Translation. As the subject may be supposed to belong to the time of that costume—there is here of course no impropriety in using it.

The Translation does not at all deserve the same praise as that of The Bell. It is a mere paraphrase, and not a good one ; omitting a great deal, and disfiguring the rest.

. With reference to the criticism upon which I have adventured above (Preface. P. xix.) on Mr. Retzsch's Performance—I am aware that there are those among ourselves (chiefly, I believe, Artists ; and who may therefor be thought not altogether uninfluenced by the *esprit de corps*, but adopting the notion rather prescriptively than from conviction) who contend for this sort of Conventionalism in Costume, under the idea of its being more pleasing—if not suitable—than that which is specifically proper.

But from this proposition, as a general one—and without a limit and discrimination with which alone it can be admitted, I venture altogether to dissent. For its support it must be shown—In the first place, that The Conventional Dress adopted is that generally recognised as that prescriptively belonging to the thing represented : Nextly—that it is absolutely the best, the most picturesque—or poetical, as well as the most suitable ; which, tho in some cases, as flowing drapery—more used as a mere covering than anything else, it may be, but in many others certainly not : and here opinions will always be at variance, which they cannot be in matters of plain fact.

Where it is desired to represent an object, whether a human figure whose proper dress is unknown, or an abstraction that can have no tangible characteristic, the want may properly be supplied by something conventionally used for the purpose ; always providing there be no self-contradiction or physical incongruity in it, such as horns on the human head to represent rays of light, or any unnatural configuration of the body by

way of symbols for moral attributes, or—for a minor anomaly—chariots drawn by unharnessed horses and on wheels without axletrees. But, where it has either decided natural features, or a dress of its own, To substitute others for these, merely for the fancy of their being more abstract and elevated, is preposterous and puerile, and the mere quackery of Art—like that of using hieroglyphical contractions for technical purposes where there is no specific and sufficient reason for the disguise.

What then can be more absurd than the Conventional "Tights" of these old Germans, as a general dress for the class of People here in question and especially for those of our own day!—false in fact, because impossible in practice; as, tho occasionally seen in Pictures composed under either sheer fancy or a modification of the same idea, they were and could be worn alone—if at all—on particular occasions and only by the great and the rich and their liveried attendants or their imitations on the Stage. Or as, for instance, the dressing our English, not only Kings—but Generals—Admirals—and even Civilians, in the garb of Roman Emperors or Legionaries at least! or their forefathers the aboriginal Britons, Picts—or Scots, in the fig-leaf costume of the Polynesian Islanders! Are then Charles or Cromwell, Peter of Russia, the French Henry, William Tell, Washington, or the Spanish Cid, more identical and better represented in togas or naked limbs or whatsoever arbitrary costume than in the national dress of their Country?

A thing sensibly represented, whether in Statuary or Painting or even Architecture, surely ought in all the essential points of its adjuncts to tell its own story, and not leave this in doubt until interpreted by the help of a Conventions-Glossary. Again—If these Conventions be adopted in Dress, everything else—edifices—occupations—manners—should be in accordance with that, otherwise all will appear incongruous and incoherent.

In all Ages and in all Countries there have been, and ever will be to the end of Time—or at least until Men become Angels, absurdities in Dress; and why those of one Age or Country should be preferred to those of another, but particularly to one's own—as representations of these, is I think not easy to show. And one would think that Prescription,

if really existing for the preposterousness, could easily be set aside by common sense. There are as many of these in the Grecian and Roman Costumes, as usually adopted indiscriminately and without modification, as in any of those of Modern Europe; and in the Fancy ones infinitely more.

The true point then seems to be—Discrimination and taste, in modifying where necessary, while adapting the real Dress, whatever it be, to the person or thing represented; thereby at all events to show its real Character—Age—and Country, and not mislead the uninitiated by vague generalities of Conventional Costume which may equally apply to every where and to all and therefor properly belonging to none.

But, to go further into this matter (you will say the salvo comes rather late) would here be out of place; and—what is still more to be eschewed—would be tiresome to you, who, while merely concurring generally in the deprecation of absurdity, can little care how Statues and Portraits are tailored for. I will therefor say no more upon it than to apologise for having been “so long dressing.”

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

BALLAD.

“ KNIGHT! A Sister-love and true
“ Vows to you this heart: that take:
“ Nor for other love me sue,
“ For that pain would in me wake.
“ Undisturb'd you come I see,
“ Undisturb'd I see you go;
“ And, not understood by me,
“ See unmoved your tears' mute flow.”

Heard with speechless grief the hest,
Bleeding—from her him he wrings,
Close once presses to his breast;
On his faithful steed then springs.
Summon'd from the Switzer's land,
All his Vassals him attend:
Cross on breast, a Pilgrim band,
To th' Holy Sepulchre they wend.

By the Warriors' arms among,
Gallant deeds are done and brave,
Midst the Enemy's thickest throng
High their helm-plumes proudly wave:
TOGGENBURGHER's name renown'd
Scares the frighted Moslem foe :
But the heart, with rankling wound,
Sinks 'neath undiminish'd woe.

Now a year that woe h'has borne,
Nor can longer bear its smarts :
Rest he knows not : spent—outworn,
Th' army leaving, he departs.
Europe-bound, on Joppa's strand,
Weights a Ship : He embarks, and sails ;
Homeward wends to that dear land,
Whose loved air her breath inhales.

At her Castle-gate soon as,
Now the Pilgrim knocks : 'tis heard :
Straight it to his call—alas !
Opes with thunder-sounding word.—
“ She, you ask, now wears the veil ;
“ Wed—She now is Heaven's bride.

“ Yestern was the day of hail,
“ That her with her God allied.”

Straight his Fathers' Halls he flees,
Flees the World—nought more to heed ;
Thence no more his arms he sees,
Sees no more his faithful steed.
From the Toggen Castle's height,
Hermit guised, unknown he goes :
In ascetic hair bedight,
Thence his noble limbs he clothes.

Near the Convent's seat—remote
Midst the lime trees' savage gloom,
For abode he, shunning note,
Builds a cell of scanty room.
There, from morning's early dawn
Until evening's shades at late,
Lone—from all beside withdrawn,
In unutter'd hope he sate.

There for hours he look'd intent ;
All his looks, while silent hoped,
On his loved one's casement bent,—
Till the casement sounding oped,

Till the lovely one appearing,
Till, with mild and angel mien,
Forth adown the Valley peering,
There the much loved form was seen.

Then, content, him down he laid,
Sleeping—eased—with comfort ta'en;
Calm rejoicing, while he stayed,
Till 'twould morning be again.
Thus, for many a day—a year,
Still he sate and silent hoped,
Uncomplaining, all to bear,
Till the casement sounding oped,—

Till the lovely one appearing,
Till, with mild and angel mien,
Forth adown the Valley peering,
There the much loved form was seen.
There still sate he: till one morn
Was a lifeless corpse discern'd;
And the pale mute face forlorn
Still was to the casement turn'd!

NOTES.

The Original of this Ballad is one of the Legends connected with the Convent of Nonnenwerth or Frauenwerth and the Castle of Rolandseck near Bonn on the Rhine. It does not appear why Schiller, in versifying this Legend, has chosen to change the name of the hero from Roland to Toggenburg, and to remove the scene from that picturesque Country of Chivalry and Ladye-love to the far less morally romantic one of Switzerland. Besides which the change is injurious to the interest of the story, as shaking the faith one is willing to lend to it as associated with its own acknowledged Country.

The Legend has furnished the groundwork for several Ballads very much like the present, with merely a little variation of the incidents. The Story of Theodosius and Constantia in the Spectator No. 164 is something akin to it. This one is very generally admired: It is remarkable, however, for that abruptness and want of linking, in the studied exclusion of all connecting details, which is peculiar to most German Compositions of this sort: tho it must be admitted that this ellipticalness is less objectionable—as less noticed—in the Ballad Style, which is essentially curt and quaint; but there too it has its limits, which here seem overstept. An omission this, which, tho sometimes agreeably occupying the fancy to supply for itself, often leaves it to be wished—for the sake of clearness and certainty—that one were spared the labour.

But here seems a still greater defect—in that the relation between the Knight and the Lady, and the circumstances that led to the events so curtly mentioned, are not even alluded to, and the former indeed are altogether equivocal: for there is given no reason whatever for the Knight's returning from his self-banishment to a *hopeless* love, nor any explaining motive for the Lady's abandonment of the World.

The Germans seem to complace themselves in this sort of dubious and misty conception of things; which cloudiness, indeed, some people even elsewhere fancy they think to be essentially poetical. But surely Poetry is not necessarily at variance with common sense; and (at least with us, I think) this requires something more positive and rational than a dreamy vagueness that will not stand any practical test, but at once dissolves into nothing at the touch of analysis.

RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.

BALLAD.

AT Aachen,¹ in all his imperial state,
In the Banqueting Hall of times past,
King RUDOLPH, invested with majesty, sate
At the high Coronation repast.
Rhine's Palsgrave² him carried the meats to the board,
The bright-sparkling wine the Bohemian pour'd;
And the Electoral Seven,⁴ him nigh,
As the Planets' bright choir round the Sun in their route,
Round the World's scepter'd Master stood busy about,
As fulfilling their offices high.

While around the high balcony's space, thick among,
Fill'd in joyful assembly the crowd;
And the shout and the cry of the multitude throng
With the trumpet blast mix'd long and loud.

For concluded, since now the fierce feud at length done,
Was the terrible time of th' unoccupied throne ;
And a Judge was on Earth again come :
Now no more blindly ruled the unpitying spear,
Now no more fear'd the peaceful—the feeble—with fear
Lest the powerful's prey to become.

Now the Emperor seizes the wine-brimming cup,
And he speaks with pleased looks that approve.—
“ Well bespangles the feast, and the board well lights up,
“ So to pleasure my heart and commove.
“ But the Minstrel I miss, the awakener of mirth,
“ Who excites with sweet song and to rapture gives birth,
“ And instructs in high doctrines with this.
“ From my youth I've been wont in his themes to delight ;
“ And what then I was used to and did as a Knight—
“ I will not now as Emperor miss.”

When behold ! midst the circle the Prince that surrounds,
Stepp'd the Minstrel long mantled, within :
Bleach'd to silvery white thro his years lengthen'd bounds,
Gleam'd his locks, now uncolour'd and thin.—
‘ In the strings' gold sweet euphony sleeps : but unsold ;
‘ For the Minstrel sings prompted by love—not by gold ;

‘ And he praises the brightest—the best,
 ‘ What the sense most desires—what the heart most esteems.
 ‘ But, now tell me, at this his high feast, what he deems—
 ‘ What’s the Emperor’s fit theme—his behest?’

“ Nay—not so: On the Minstrel I lay no commands.
 (Here the Sovereign, and smiling, replied).
 “ In his far greater Master’s obedience he stands,
 “ And concedes to the hour undenied.
 “ As—thro æther fierce rushing—the tempest-wind blows,
 “ And one knows not whence coming nor whither it goes;
 “ As the fount from hid depths unreveal’d;—
 “ So the Song from within of the Minstrel forth breaks;
 “ And the soul’s secret feelings’ dark consciousness wakes,
 “ That had wondrously there slept conceal’d.”

Now the Minstrel them seizing, with voice to imbue,
 Woke the chords with a powerful sound.—
 Out to hunting one time, the wild goat to pursue,
 Rode a chieftain of might and renown’d;
 While him followed his Squire with the arms of the chase.
 When as now on his Courser he’d ridden some space,
 And was entering a mead: So it chanced
 In the distance he heard a light bell him before:

'Twas a Priest, who THE LORD's blessed body thus bore,
While before him the Sexton advanced.

Straight the Count, with humility uncovering his head,
With bent knee to the ground him inclined,
To adore with a Christian devotion and dread
HIM whose death has redeem'd all Mankind.
Thro the mead here ran murmuring a rivulet's tide;
But now swell'd by the rains to a stream deep and wide,
Which prevented to cross it dry shod;
So aside that the Sacrament laid, ere to doff,
And the shoon from his feet was about to take off,
O'er the river to pass with his God.

"Now, what doest thou?" Thus him accosted the Count,
While regarding with wonder-fill'd eye.
' Sir! I go to one call'd to his final account,
' Who would eat of life's bread ere he die.
' And, as here I approach'd to the waters' dry path,
' Lo—the swift rushing stream with the torrent's fierce wrath
' Has the plank with it carried away.
' So now, comfort to give to whom fears his soul's loss,
' With nude feet—nor lose time—I the streamlet would cross,
' His Salvation to him to convey.'

On his own knightly steed now the Count doth him place,
 And the richly set bridle him gives ;
 So to comfort the Sick with the medicine of grace,
 Nor neglect his high duty that shrives.
 Then himself, on the horse of his following Squire,
 Awhile further indulges the chase's desire.
 While the other pursues on his track :
 The next morning, all thankful, his mission well sped,
 To the Count by the bridle him modestly led,
 He his own knightly steed brings him back.

"Nay : (exclaiming, the Count with humility cried.)
 "God forbid that again, to my scorn,
 "I in chase or in war should that courser bestride
 "Who my blessed Redeemer has borne
 "Now then take it thyself—for thy use—it is thine :
 "'Tis devoted henceforth to the Service Divine :
 "For I've given it Him—His to call,
 "Him thro whom I possess all terrestrial good—
 "Honour—riches—and power—life—breath—body—and blood,
 "All in fee held from Him who gives all."

'Please it Him who the weak's supplication concedes,
 'Please that God in whose holding all is,—

‘ So to bring you to honour, wherever life leads,
‘ As you here have Him honour’d in this.
‘ Known by knightly dominion in Switzerland’s land,
‘ You’re an Earl of renown and extensive command ;
‘ And twice three lovely Daughters ⁵ are yours.
‘ So may they (here enraptured he cried) each a Spouse,
(And the Minstrel here ceased) bring six crowns to your House,
‘ And bright gleam while time latest endures.’

When now, as if times past in his mind he revolved,
Sat the Emperor deep buried in thought ;
Till the Minstrel’s pale eye—as he scann’d—the doubt solved,
And his words’ secret meaning he caught.
He the Priest’s time-worn features discerns as beholds,
And conceals in his purpural mantle’s rich folds
His big tears in warm torrents that pour’d.
While all round on the Emperor look’d with close heed,
Recognising the Count who had done that good deed,
And the Heavenly guidance adored !

NOTES.

This is a truly noble Poem. It is altogether derogatory to it to call it a Ballad: for it relates a very singular and interesting historical fact, in the highest tone of true poetry and right feeling. Rudolph of Hapsburg will certainly never die: for he has his Poet: His name has here been embalmed by Schiller in a memorial as enduring as its language. Tho all the historical records of Germany, or others where he is mentioned, should have the fate of the lost Books of Livy, he will eternally survive in these imperishable Decades: Nay—even tho the written Songs of her Bards should be effaced by Time, this will remain indelibly inscribed in the minds of her Sons; for I cannot but think that thousands of Germans have this by heart, and teach it to their children, as we do our “The Mariners of England” or “Rule Britannia.” What a glorious subject for a Picture—The Banquetting Hall of Aachen! Will no English Painter do us this? The incident related by the Minstrel-Priest is a favourite subject with German Artists.

This Ballad is founded on fact. The story is related by Tschudi (Nat. 1505. Den. 1572.) in his History of Germany. He adds that the Priest, to whom this happened with The Count of Hapsburg, afterwards became Chaplain to the Elector and Archbishop of Mentz (Mayence.) Werner of Eppenstein; who contributed not a little, at the next election for an Emperor, that followed the long interregnum (to which allusion is made in Stanza 2) consequent on the death of Frederic the 2nd, to direct the thoughts of the Elector towards him, and—as it proved—with successful effect. BE PIOUS TO THE GODS!

No. 1. St. 1. "Aachen," The Aquagrana of old books. Aix la Chapelle. The Emperors of Germany were generally crowned here, from the time of Charlemagne. A. D. 800 to Ferdinand I. 1558. and after that at Frankfort on the Maine.

No. 2. St. 2. "Rhine's Palgrave." The Count Palatine of the Rhine, a Prince of regal rights and prerogatives.

No. 3. "The Bohemian." The King of Bohemia. here Ottocar 5. who had unsuccessfully opposed the claims of Rudolph to the imperial throne.

No. 4. "The Electoral Seven:" The Seven Princes of Germany who formed the College of Electors, in whose votes lay the Election of the Emperor: These were the Archbishops of Mentz—Treves—and Cologne, the King of Bohemia, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, the Duke of Saxony, and the Marquess of Brandenburg. The Counts of Bavaria and Hanover have also sometimes been of the number, which has occasionally varied. And these two latter may have completed the "Electoral Seven" whom our Poet mentions *after* "Rhine's Palgrave" and "The Bohemian."

No. 5. St. 11. "Twice three lovely Daughters." These were Matilda. Agnes. Hedwige. Catherine. Clemence. and Judith. who married respectively into the Royal or Ducal Houses of Bavaria. Saxony. Brandenburg. Suabia. France. and Bohemia. Indeed there is not one of the old Royal families of Europe, including our own, not descended directly or collaterally from that of Hapsburg. Its illustrious Founder Rudolph was a truly great Prince, possessing all the virtues and fine qualities that form a superior mind, and well deserving the high eminence he attained. His Life, which has been well written by Gerbert of St. Blaise, is full of interest.

THE
DISTRIBUTION OF THE EARTH.

“I’ll give (said Jove) yon nether World away.

“Take it (he cried) ye Sons of mortal Mothers !

“It shall be yours for ever and a day :

“But part it fairly ’mong you all, like Brothers.”

To share the spoil all ran, with eager hands ;

And Old and Young to the division came :

The Farmer seized upon the fertile lands ;

The Squire claim’d the covers and the game.

The Merchant fill’d his magazines with goods ;

The rosy Abbot took the generous wine ;

The King laid hands on bridges and on roads,

And said—“The tithe of all that pass is mine.”

Now late, when all was o’er, of his share reft,

The Poet came, from far, and poorly stored :

He look’d around : but there was nothing left ;

And every thing already had its lord.—

“Ah woe ! (cried he) shall I be thus alone,
“Of all thy race—thy truest Son, forgot ?”
He threw him down at Jupiter’s dread throne,
And loud lamented o’er his hapless lot.

Replied the God, when his complaint he’d heard.—

‘If sorrow be thy portion, blame not me.
‘Where wast thou, then, what time the World was shared ?’
“That time (the Poet said) was I by thee.—

“My eyes upon thy radiant countenance hung ;
“Upon thy Heavens’ sweet melody my ear :
“Forgive the fault, that, brighter worlds among,
“I lost my share of the Terrestrial Sphere.”

‘Alas ! (said Jove) the Earth away is given ;
‘No more the fruits—the chase—the mart are mine :
‘But, if content to live with me in Heaven,
‘Whene’er thou com’st—access shall still be thine.’

W O M A N ' S W O R T H .

BE honour to WOMAN ! She weaves and entwines
The rose that in Life's varied garland fair shines.

She entwines for us Love's blissful band ;
And, clothed in the Graces' chaste veil's meet attire,
The purified feelings' eternalised fire
For us feeds with affectionate hand.

Truth's just bounds still overcrossing,
Man's wild strength ungovern'd strays ;
On the passions' rude sea tossing,
Float his thoughts as either sways.

. There may be differences of opinion about the Title here used ; as there are several other words that mean pretty much the same thing, as to what is here intended, which could not be closely rendered without a periphrasis that is unnecessary ; such as the Merit—Honour—Dignity—Praise—or Pre-eminence of Woman, all indicative of her peculiar province and general superiority, in the admission of which of course all will readily concur with the Poet.

Eager in the distance grasping,
Never is his heart at ease :
Restless thro wide æther clasping,
His dreams' image would he seize.

But warningly into reality's track
Kind Woman still beckons the fugitive back
With enfettering looks, and there guides.
Pure Nature's true Daughter, retired and sedate ;
With modest demeanour, as suits her estate,
'Neath her Mother's low roof she abides.

Hostile aye is Man's endeavour.
Urging with brute force his way,
Goes thro life the wild one ever,
Without pause—demur—or stay.
As the Hydra's head, renewing,
Still afresh—as sever'd—grows,
Still his wild desires pursuing,
All he rears—he again o'erthrows.

But, pleased with her own calmer glory—her true,
The moment's brief flower Woman culls, to pursue,
And with fondness it tends, nor seeks change :

More free, thus employed in her limited bound,
And richer than he in the sciences' round
Or in poetry's infinite range.

Man's cold breast, of narrow measure,
Self-sufficing—proud—severe,
Knows not Love's celestial pleasure—
Heart to heart attaching here.
The interchange of souls unknowing,
He the effusive tear not knows ;
His hard sense, still harder growing,
Steels with witnessing life's woes.

But as, gently shaken by Zephyr's soft wing,
Responsively thrills the Æolian string,—
Woman's sensitive soul, at the view,
With sympathy pain'd for another one's grief,
The fond bosom throbs ; and the eye, for relief,
Beams impearl'd with the heavenly dew.

Where rules Man—each claim to war goes,
Might is right—whate'er it crave ;
With the sword the Scythian* argues,
And the Persian proves his slave.

Wild and fierce, their own inflamers,
Madly the desires contend ;
And fell Eris's‡ rude clamours
Rule where Charis—fled—had reign'd.

But WOMAN, persuasive, with eloquent prayers,
The sceptre of manners in sovereignty bears ;
Quenches Discord, that rages wrath-rife ;
Instructs to embrace, join'd in amical band,
The powers that arm'd 'gainst each other the hand ;
And unites what were ever at strife.

N O T E S.

The measures here used are precisely those of the Original ; of which indeed, as elsewhere, according to—if you will allow me so to call them—my Principles of Translation, I have endeavoured to give in every practicable point a *fac-simile*.

You will not require me here to repeat that,—of course, this absolute imitation must never be attempted where it must lead to the sacrifice, or even only the partial deterioration, of the most essential point of a Poetical Composition—its poetical charm ; but only where this can be sufficiently preserved, and which it must be at all events—*coute qui coute*—as it is its one indispensable thing and *sine qua non* ; for otherwise the sense might as well and better be given in prose.

But some sacrifice in Translation is almost unavoidable ; and therefore that must be submitted to which is of the least importance. Yet I cannot but think, as I have often found it, that this obstacle and difficulty is much less real than apparent, and—if boldly grappled with—may often be overcome, showing that in Translation the closest imitation is generally in every way the best.

A wag of a familiar Critic, with the usual malice of his genus, and reviving the old impertinence, suggests that the anapestic measure is here used on Woman's side, as analogous with the volubility usually attributed to the Ladies ; but which indeed, if true, the Poet might well have made one of their points of excellence, as contrasted with the unsocial taciturnity of their Lords.

Stanza 8.* "Scythian. Persian." It would really seem as if this had been written yesterday instead of fifty years ago. But England (or at least her Governments) who, next to the immediate object of "The Scythian's" arguments, is most interested in refuting—or rather anticipating them, seems to be the only Nation in Europe which shuts its eyes to that silent but ever progressive advance of dominion in the subjugation of "The Persian." The allusion is too plain to be for a moment misunderstood. Our "straw," however, does now at last seem a little "moving." May the symptom have its effect!

† "Eris." In the Pagan Mythology—The Goddess of Discord. "Charis." A Divinity that may be taken singly as the prototype of the Graces in their higher attributes, presiding over as imparting all the milder virtues—the "charities" (a word thence derived) of life.

THE INVINCIBLE FLEET.

It comes—it comes—the waters neath it quail,
The Sea's proud fleet comes towering o'er :
With fetters' clank, and a new Master's hail,
And with a thousand thunders roar,
It nears thee.—Onset ready for,
A frightful mass of floating Citadels,
(Ne'er Ocean saw their like ! withal,
Themselves *Invincible* they call.)
Its onward way the warlike host impels.
And, by the terrors round them spread,
The haughty name seems warranted.
With stately march, as on they boom,
The load the affrighted Neptune bears.
The World's destruction in its womb,
It nears thee—wafted by propitious airs.

T'wards thee they stand : thee—great and free :

Thee, favour'd Isle ! who rul'st the watery realm.

Magnanimous BRITANNIA ! Thee

The thronging Gallions boast to whelm.

Woe to thy free-born race ! Lo there

The tempest-teeming cloud : Beware !

Who on thy brows the precious jewel bound ?

Who Thee the Queen of Nations crown'd ?

Nay—hast thou not thyself, by proud Kings driven,

Thy wise Imperial Law self given ?—

Giv'n The GREAT SCROLL—the Scroll alike all Men's,

Which makes thy Citizens Kings—King Citizens.

And, in the ceaseless Ocean fight,

In deathful struggle fierce maintain'd,—

Hast thou, asserting well thy right,

The Sails' supremacy* not gain'd ?

To whom dost thou owe this ? Ye Nations ! blush.

To whom but to thy courage and thy sword.

Look, hapless one ! look—threat'ning thee to crush—

On those fire-belching Monsters' crowded board.

Look, and thy glory's fall foresee.

All Earth now anxious looks on thee.

High beat all freemen's hearts ; and all—

Each generous soul—in sympathy,
Now mourning wait that glory's fall.

Now God—The Almighty—look'd adown :
He saw thy Foes' proud Lion-banner † wave,
Saw yawning ope the certain grave,—
And thus.—“ Shall perish then my own—
“ My heroic race? Shall Albion they enslave?—
“ Oppression's last remaining dyke o'erthrown,
“ The Tyrant's only barrier here,
“ Be swept from the Terrestrial Sphere ?
“ Ne'er (cried He) this stronghold of Man's best worth—
“ Shall Freedom's Eden disappear from Earth.”—
And God—The Almighty—breathed. They blew.—
And to the winds the offswept *Armada* flew! §

NOTES.

Schiller calls this Piece "From an old Poet." But it is much more likely to be altogether his own, and that he says this merely to give it an air of contemporaneous date. For in those days, tho Protestant Germany might have liked to hear of the destruction of a Spanish Fleet of invasion, it was not likely that the subject should occupy the very few Poets they had—indeed none of the lyric kind, nor call from them encomiums on our Political Institutions, tho they occasionally themselves resisted a Bandit Lord or a rapacious Bishop. There would be something of an anachronism in it.

It is divided, as here, into four unequal Stanzas, and is altogether irregular in its versification both in lines and rhyme: which seems a defect, as it leaves it—as to form—without a decided character. This desultoriness may sometimes pass off in an Ode, where, from its abrupt and impassioned character, the transitions are sudden and various. And it is also quite suitable for light Compositions, as Narratives—Tales—or *Jeux d'esprit*, such as (recollecting no instances of our own just now to quote) the charming Fables of La Fontaine. But, where the subject is of dignity and with a sustained interest, it seems there should be a corresponding formalness in the verse, which otherwise does not prepare the ear for the recurrence—however arranged—of both the cadence and the rhyme. This may be considered hypercritical: but it is at least said from the effect produced on myself.

* "The Sails' supremacy." This probably refers, not so much to the general supremacy of the Ships of England by their cannon, as to the custom formerly practised—and always then insisted upon—of making Foreign Ships, whether Government Vessels or Merchantmen, "vaile the bonnet"—strike or lower their Sails—to her Men of War, at least in the Narrow Seas—in and about the British Channel, in token of submission. This claim was first formally asserted by John, who here at least showed a good english spirit, by an Ordinance dated from Hastings. Anno 1200. (For full information on this subject see Selden. "Rights and Dominion of

the Seas." especially Lib. 2. Cap. 26.) It grew generally to be less observed after the Stuarts' Restoration; and, so far as concerned our exacting it, fell nearly into disuse at the close of that century, when Holland had supplied us with a king. But, probably from the force of prescription, it still continued to be occasionally paid till the topsyturvy turning of the World by the French Revolution; tho we have often seen instances of it, from at least Merchantmen, even within the present century.

The claim seems to have been silently abandoned, like that really absurd one of the dominion of France in the titles of our Sovereigns. But, setting aside its abstract justice, it may be doubted whether it would not have been more wise to retain a right which at least implied the power of enforcing it—one so vital to the very political existence of our Country.

‡ "Lion-banner." The Arms of Spain have Lions for Supporters. On her Dollars, the most universally circulating coin in existence, these are supplied by two Columns, standing for The Pillars of Hercules—Gibraltar and Ceuta; the former of which has long since for ever slipped from her grasp; and the latter remaining to her a wonder that England has not either also taken or bought it of her, especially now that France has planted her so far firmer foot in Africa.

As to this latter point, There seems little reason for the frequent harassing—not to say embarrassing—of The Government in goading it to quarrel with a Foreign Power, when it has a much more positive and difficult Enemy to contend with at home—in the old Hydra of ignorance and poverty naturally exciting to discontent malevolence and violence.

As to whatever general declarations France may have previously made, deprecativ of conquest, they could neither have been intended nor received as literal. For—Has she not as much right as ourselves to "Ships Colonies and Commerce"? And, in the occupation—even if permanent—of Algiers, has she not at the very worst only taken another *Sierra Leone* off our hands? Then, in *Peace*, is it not most desirable that such a door should be opened, in whosoever hands, for the introduction of European Civilisation—and no doubt eventually of Christianity—among the Pagan as well as Mussulman Children of the Desert? While, in *War*, is not every occasion for the Ships of France going out only so many more opportunities given for our bringing them in? This is the Law of

the Sea—of Neptune if not of Nature. Why—even Schiller tells us this, let alone Campbell and Canning ; and as all our *blue-clad* people well know, and only want to prove. Yet we might as well have Ceuta, or—if not *and*—Tangier. And the principle might be extended to other Seas besides the Mediterranean.

§ The last two verses, tho sufficiently general with reference to the fact, are in allusion to a Medal struck by the United Provinces (Holland) in commemoration of the destruction of the Spanish Armada by the elements, that so opportunely aided the English Fleet in opposing it. One side represented the waves dashing against a Rock whereon was a Church, with the Inscription *Allidor non lædor*. “Assailed, but not hurt.” and the other A Fleet at sea, part of which under full sail and the other scattered and disabled by a storm, with the Legend *Flavit et dissipati sunt*. 1588. “He blew. and they were scattered.”

This Medal was the second of three struck on that occasion by the Dutch, who were of course as much interested as the English in the defeat of the common enemy.*

Evelyn, in his *Numismata*. 1697. gives a description of the First and Third of these, and says—or rather leaves it to be implied—of the former that it is an english one : but he takes no notice of the present. Addison, probably under an indistinct recollection of that First one described by Evelyn, the reverse of which represents a Fleet foundering at Sea, and of this one, of which he may have seen a description elsewhere (for the Medal itself is not now known to exist)—gives an account of it in the *Spectator*, No. 293, as having been struck by Elizabeth, which of course is erroneous.

Schiller, in a Note to his Poem, probably misled by Addison who is well known in Germany, falls into the same mistake.

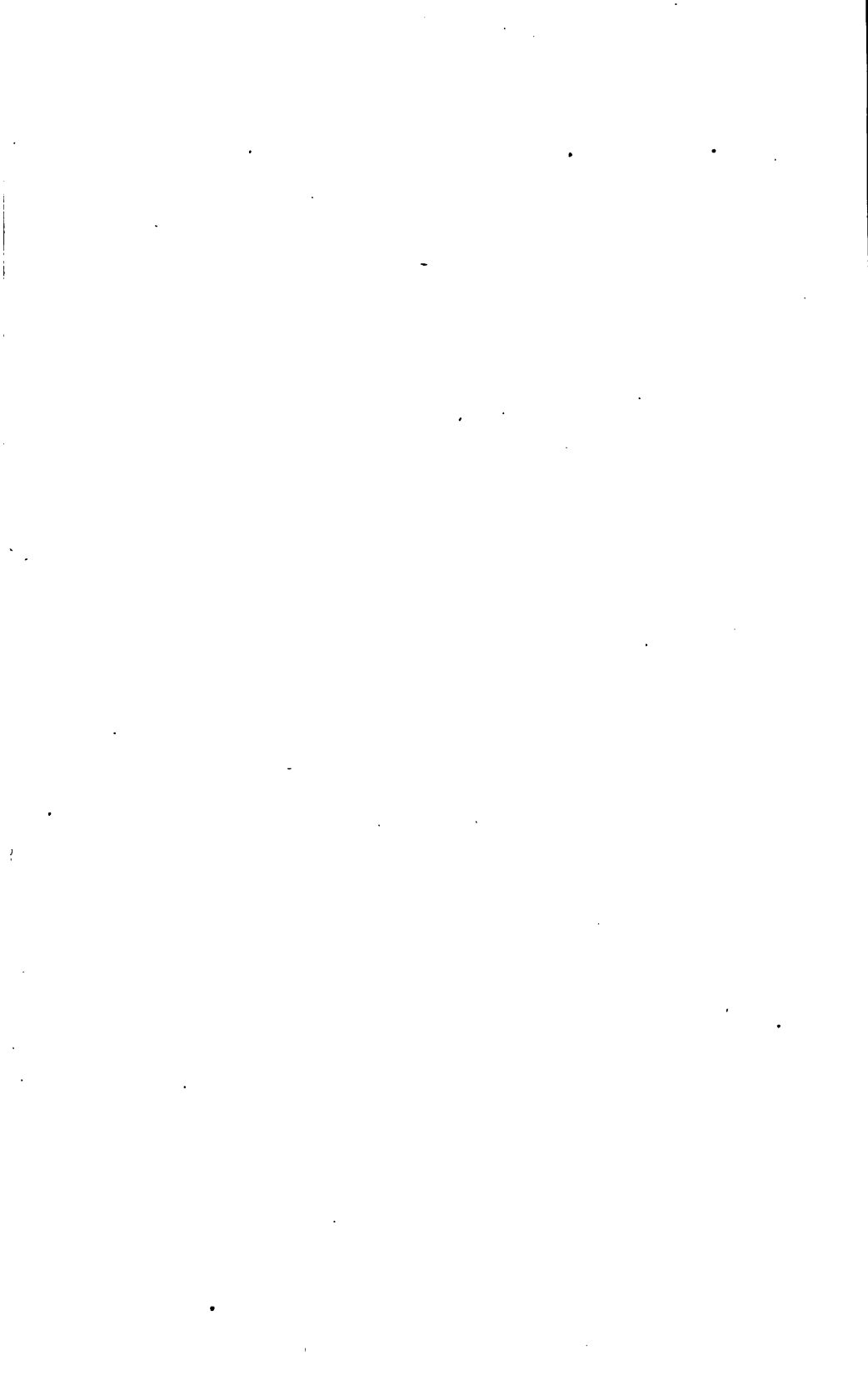
* See Bizot. *Histoire Medallique de la Republique d’Hollande*. Fol: Paris. 1687. P. 54.

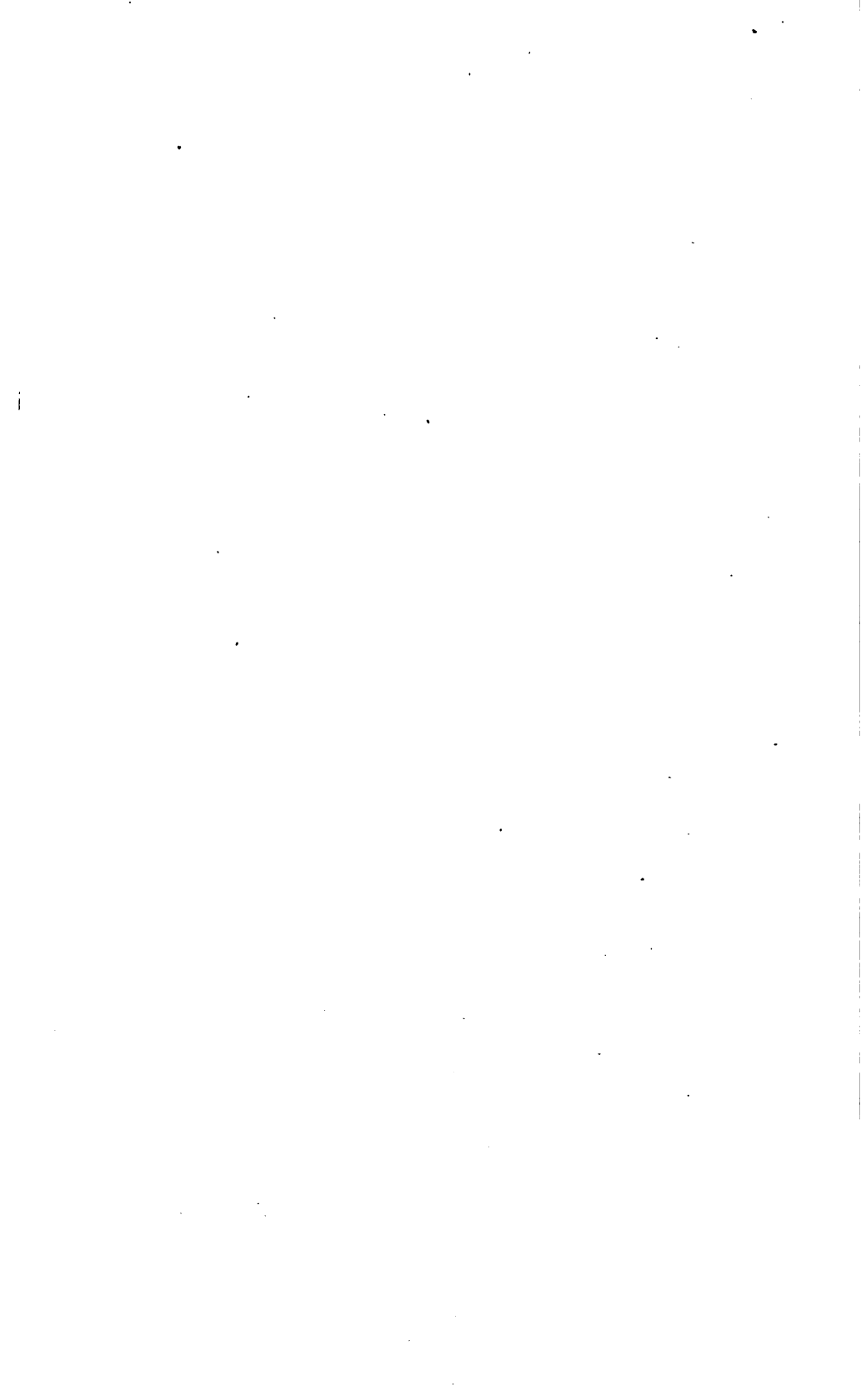
THE END.

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SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL.

ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF

A. ROMBERG,

BY A. N. A. M. A. T. E. U. R.

The Music to be had of Messrs. Ewer & Co. Bow Church Yard.

The eccentricity of the subject in the following Poem, viz. "Casting a Bell," and the familiar manner in which the different processes it undergoes are described, at first cause the reader to smile, partly perhaps in derision; but this feeling is soon lost in admiration, when he finds so simple a subject made the vehicle for so much deep reflection. How truly does it show that there are "Sermons in stones," and that if we will but look for it, there is "good in every thing!" To attempt, in a Translation, to give an idea of the beauty, strength, and finish of the original, is at all times hopeless; but it becomes doubly so when each line is fettered to the time of 2, 3, or 4, in a bar.

BASS SOLO. (*The Master Bell-Founder.*)

Fast immur'd, of clay well fashion'd,

Stands the mould in earthy cell;

Comrades! soon our toils are ending,

For to-day we cast the Bell.

Soon the forehead o'er

Must the heat-dews pour;

Praise be to the workman given,

But the blessing comes from Heaven.

CHORUS.

BASS SOLO. (*The Master.*)

Now the whining bubbles rising,

Prove the mass is melted through,

Add the alkalis so useful,

That the "gush" * may quickly flow;

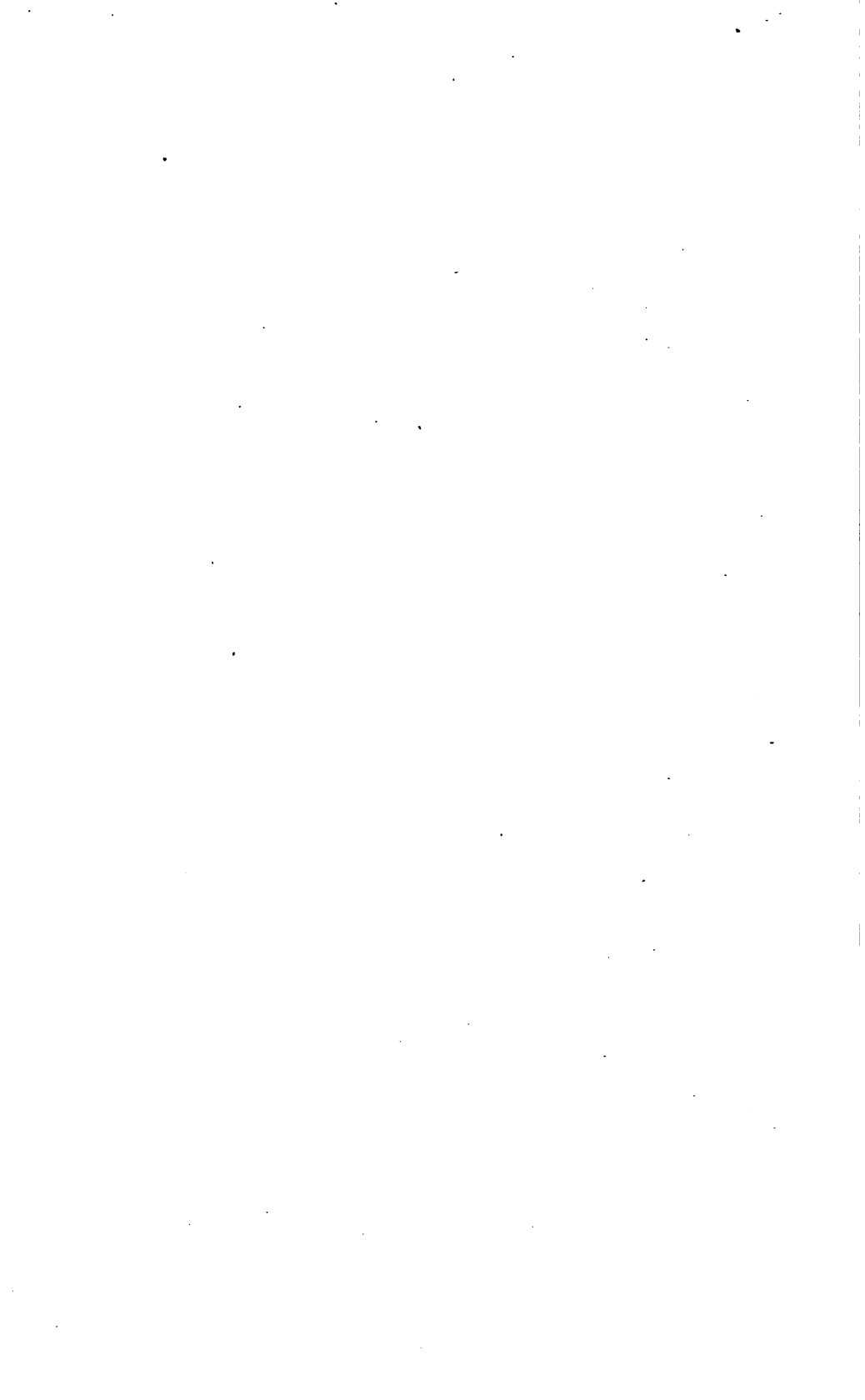
From all foagness free

Must the mixture be,

That from metal pure and clear

The full true sound may strike the ear.

TREBLE SOLO.



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From all foulness free
Must the mixture be,
That from metal pure and clear
The full true sound may strike the ear.

TREBLE SOLO.

The work it robs of half its toil;
So let us think on weight and number,
While measured words our time beguile.
With sober aim to serious end

Be skill and industry combin'd;
Man's work must ever end in failure,
Unless it bear the stamp of mind.

For this was man endow'd with reason,
This raises him above the brute:
The head should plan with care and thought,
Before the hand should execute.

BASS SOLO. (*The Master.*)

Take the pine-tree's driest branches,
See the flame be fierce and good;
Ere the furnace can be heated,
It must feel the burning wood.

Throw the copper in,
Stir it with the tin,
Let them be in measured masses,
For each into the other passes.

CHORUS.

The work, which with mechanic power
Deep in the silent earth we frame,
Shall from the belfry's lofty tower
In accents loud our art proclaim;
To distant times, to men unborn,
Shall raise its deep instructive voice;
Shall with the troubled spirit mourn,
And with the joyful heart rejoice.
Whatever to the sons of earth
The ever-changing round of time
Brings from its deep recesses forth,
Shall sound on its metallic chime.

It greets the first-born darling boy;
Who, entering on life's changeful day,
Unconscious sleeps the hours away;
And though upon his future state
Evil and good by turns await,
The anxious mother's tenderest cares
Watch o'er the morning of his years.

TENOR SOLO.

The youth his mother's wardship spurns,
The sea of life he boldly ploughs,
A roaming wanderer, then returns
A stranger to his father's house.
In early youth and beauty's pride,
Like to a work of heavenly hands,
Her cheeks with modest blushes dyed,
The virgin form before him stands.
Then rises in his youthful bosom
The guileless wish; alone he sighs;
Tears from his eyelids oft are falling;
From manhood's social sports he flies.
He blushes on her steps to wait,
And hails each fawning glance with joy;
To plait in wreaths the loveliest flowers,
And deck the fair one, his employ.

DUET. TRIBLE AND TENOR.

Oh! blissful feelings, free from anguish,
Oh! early love's bright golden age;
His waking dreams aspire to heaven,
Delightful thoughts his heart engage.
Ah! could it ever verdant prove,
This wreath of first and early love.

* The flow of the metal in a state of fusion from the furnace to the mould. Gernahl, "Cassin."

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